Washington College *Review*

A LIBERAL ARTS JOURNAL

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CONTENTS

Foreword vii
Dr. Richard Striner

I. ESSAYS
Women in the Civil War 3
Merritt Pridgeon
The United Nations and the Projections of Multilateral Military Power 11
Douglas Peterson
Molas: Symbol of Kuna Ethnicity 19
Mikki Senn
" . . . And They Swam, and They Swam, Right Over the Dam!" 31
Mollie T. Storke
Fabricated Environments and Epiphany in Nadine Gordimer's Early Short Fiction 38
Jennifer L. Del Nero

II. FICTION
Walking Tour 52
Michael Sapp

III. POETRY
Man Who Left 68
Tanya Angell Allen
This God Winter 69
Thane Glenn
Garden Song 70
J. Tarin Towers

Contributors 71
Letter from the Publisher 73
Robert Day

FOREWORD

It is a pleasure to present to the College this first issue of the newly expanded *Washington College Review*. As we announced last spring, the *Review* will now become a forum for outstanding student writing on a college-wide basis. Not only in the scope of the work that we publish but also in the type of writing we encourage, we seek to enhance the intellectual conversations that life at a small college can make so rewarding. The members of the editorial board feel strongly that the articles published in the *Washington College Review* should be of interest to — and intelligible too — a broad intellectual audience. We believe that our first issue succeeds in achieving that goal.

We do not disparage the important academic work that must often depend upon specialized terminology and specialized modes of presentation. Recondite pursuits and esoteric languages are integral to many forms of academic inquiry. Mathematical studies depend upon abstract symbols and procedures; scientific studies depend upon distinctive languages, procedures, and monographic formats; literary studies — and literary works — are often proudly at odds with the conventions of mass culture.

Nonetheless, our editorial board is committed to the fostering of common discourse. We believe that such discourse is vital to maintaining the substance, and not just the form, of intellectual community. Esoteric pursuits are legitimate and frequently essential. But the maintenance of common discourse is also essential. However arcane our studies may legitimately be, we must continue to hold discourse with each other, and with the general public as well. If intellectuals are to influence society for the better, they must prize the values of coherence and intelligibility, at least to the extent of developing in their professional repertoires the power to write for a general edu-

cated audience on certain occasions. This is more than just a humdrum task to be undertaken grudgingly. It is a civilizing task upon which a great deal of our public life will continue to depend.

We hope you will enjoy the contents of this premier issue of the new *Review*. I want to take this opportunity to thank our authors, our publisher, and my fellow members of the editorial board: Davy McCall, Daniel Premo, Donald Munson, Kathy Wagner, and Jennifer Reddish. Special thanks to Meredith Davies Hadaway and Lara Usilton for their assistance in the tasks of production.

Dr. Richard Striner

I
ESSAYS

WOMEN IN THE CIVIL WAR

By Merritt Pridgeon

NORTH and South, rich and poor, black and white, men and women; the Civil War was not necessarily a war of armies but of embattled peoples. However, studies tend to overlook the fact that the burly arms of the war embraced just about everyone. Instead, the tales of blood, guts, and glory fill the pages of many volumes, while the same gruesome subject entices audiences to attend lectures. Yet obviously the effects of a nation entangled in conflict reached far beyond the battlefield right into the homes. The Civil War acted without discipline, and no slam of the door could prevent it from paying a social call to everyone. In an effort to broaden the usual confines of the discussion of the war, this paper casts an eager and curious eye at the role of women in the Civil War. Diaries of both men and women serve as the ideal resource for clues of women's feelings and activities. Let it be understood that a study of women seeks not to undercut by any means the significance of men in the war.

Though few women suffered the horrible experience of fighting a battle with guns, many endured hardships on the homefront. True, initially some women viewed the war as a chance for their men to prove their "wholesome manliness." In fact, it was reported that the first battles drew socializing spectators from both the North and the South. But as men's snazzy uniforms were shredded by deadly bullets, reality set in. Perhaps it may be argued that the emotional strain of a war torments a person as much as, if not more than, the pains of physical wounds. Many women fretted over the fate of their brothers, sons, and husbands, with some actually reaching the point of a breakdown. In her journal, Mary Chestnut, a woman of the South, described a woman who apparently literally worried herself to death! Chestnut observed, "Her head was bewildered, and she

would not let anyone else touch his letters, so she died with several unopened ones in her bosom."[1] Recognizing the trials of women, a Confederate soldier named James Cooper Nisbet sympathized with their pain in his journal:

> It was upon the women that the greatest burden of this horrid war fell. Woman has always been a greater sufferer from war than man. She has borne that silent anguish . . . [2]

Some women whose relations went to war also discovered themselves dealing with a situation of crippled economics. Many soldiers volunteered to fight without pay, so little money found its way to those at the homefront. In particular, the southern economy grew progressively weaker and some women took to the streets in angry bread riots. In an unsigned letter to the governor of North Carolina, the "plain folks" wrote of their burden:

> . . . we hoos sons brothers & husbands is now fighting for the big mans negros are determd to have bredd out of these barns & at a price that we can pay . . . [3]

Also, in the absence of men, women of the South sometimes undertook the unfamiliar duties of running the plantations. Some handled the situation with great success, while others encountered problems such as resistance from their slaves. Of course, many northern women ran the farms too, but that did not receive as much attention because as Nisbet stated, the southern women were "surrounded by hordes of blacks."[4] Finally, many women, again mostly southerners, dealt with the invasion by enemy troops. They did not have to tread upon the battlefield to receive an angry glare from a soldier. Mary Chestnut described the feistiness of Eliza Lee as she dealt with northern troops tearing through her home:

> . . . while some Yankees were robbing her house, tumbling out her children's clothes out of their presses, answered one who ordered her about in this wise. He said, "Ho! You rebel woman, bring us some water." "Rebel!" she said, "and rebel against whom? Such as you?"[5]

Another interesting condition affecting women during the Civil War developed as slave women shed the chains of bondage. Of course they rejoiced at their newfound freedom, yet they suffered as they struggled with an unfamiliar independence. A lot of former slave women had been separated from their husbands for a number of reasons. Perhaps earlier they were sold apart, or possibly they had escaped at different times, intending to reunite later. In a letter written by an adjutant general, L. Thomas, he commented on the situation of fleeing slaves:

> . . . I found upwards of a thousand negroes, nearly all women and children, on the banks of the river, in a most helpless condition, who had left the plantations . . . I will permit persons duly authorized to cut wood for steamboats, to hire wood-choppers from those who are unfit for military service, including the women.[6]

A freed slave, Mattie Curtis wrote in her diary of her fight to establish a home after emancipation. She noted, by the way, that her husband, Joshua, offered very little assistance. But her determination went untarnished by Joshua's lack of enthusiasm, and she resolved herself to provide for her nineteen children. She received a generous deal on fifteen acres of land, possibly through a program of land distribution. She described her struggle to work the land, "I cut down de big trees...den I plowed up de fields..."[7] Curtis went on to explain how difficult whites made it for blacks to survive let alone prosper in the post-emancipation southern society. Nonetheless, she successfully grew and harvested cotton! However, when she took it into town, she was too scared to ask a white person where she might sell it, so she wandered about the city all day in search of the market.[8]

A lot of women performed volunteer duties in order to support the war effort. This gave many the opportunity not quite to abandon but at least to escape temporarily the traditional "spheres of womanhood." In both the North and the South, women worked as nurses. Clara Barton's diary told of the hours she spent caring for the wounded brought in wagons directly from the battlefields. Barton fed and comforted the men as they waited for trains to move them on to hospitals. Barton described an emotional scene with a dying young soldier:

> I am a poor mother's only son, and when she consented that I go to the war, I promised her faithfully that if I were not killed outright, but wounded, I would try every means in my power to be taken home to her dead or alive . . . I must go![9]

The boy was pleading for a spot on the train so that he might be buried in Washington, where his mother could come see him. Understanding his plea, Barton found him a place on the train and put him under the care of a kind attendant who promised to see that the soldier's grave received an appropriate marker.[10] Clara Barton earned the status of the most famous nurse of the Civil War, for she later founded the American Red Cross. Of course, nursing was no easy task, for some of the scenes in the hospital turned the stomach of any sane human being. As Mary Chestnut, who served as a nurse for the South described, "Horrors upon horrors again...Long rows of the dead, dying. Awful smells, awful sights."[11] General Carl Schurz also lent a vivid picture of the conditions of the hospitals when he wrote:

> There stood the surgeons, their sleeves rolled up to the elbows, their bare arms as well as their linen aprons smeared with blood . . . around them pools of blood and amputated arms and legs in heaps . . . [12]

Charlotte Forten Grimke, a young black woman from the North, volunteered not only as a nurse, but also worked as a teacher. She traveled to an island off South Carolina to educate contraband slaves and their children. The Army hired another black woman, Susie Taylor, to serve as a laundress, but she never accepted a dime for her services. In addition to laundering, she taught some of the comrades to read, cooked for the company, and generally worked to comfort the men.[13] Some women, such as Pauline Cushman, went as far as to slip into fighting attire and join the military forces — disguised as a man, of course. Others took advantage of their "look of innocence" and connivingly worked as spies. Some male spies in turn disguised themselves as women! Chestnut commented on the resulting paranoia along the border:

> False hair is taken off and searched for papers. Pistols are sought for [under] "cotillions reverses." All manner of things, they say, come over the border under the huge hoops now worn. So they are ruthlessly torn off.[14]

Still other women, mainly in the South where the economy lagged, went door-to-door asking for generous offerings of food and other supplies for the soldiers. As with any chore of that nature, they suffered the usual nasty comments and insults received by figures who trudge from house-to-house.

The treatment of the charity workers who went door-to-door brings up a related subject. A person must wonder about the reception of the women who performed volunteer work. After all, at the time nursing was not a common profession for women. Perhaps as a result of the lack of familiarity with a woman's presence in the workplace, many surgeons and doctors complained that the women interfered with their work. In fact, in her journal, Phoebe Yates Pember described the reaction of the chief surgeon and his clerks when she was selected to head a hospital in Virginia:

> . . . many of his corps, who had expected in horror the advent of female supervision, walked in and out, evidently inspecting me . . . as the little contract surgeon passed out and informed a friend he met, in a tone of ill-concealed disgust, that *"one of them had come ."*[15]

Also illustrating the strained relations between the male and female workers in the hospital, Hannah Ropes, a northern nurse, wrote about the seemingly endless debates between herself and the stewards. They tended to disagree about the proper care for the soldiers, such as a suitable diet. Ropes also indicated frustration because doctors seemed most unfeeling — and so it was the nurse who supplied the medicine of the heart.[16] Though none of the women went as far as to blatantly set it down in writing in their journals, a lot of the nurses hinted that they believed the doctors ran a sloppy establishment. In fact, it is true that many of the doctors in the Army were men whose private practice had failed! So perhaps some of the hostility for the female ranks reflected the fact that many of the men

felt threatened by the women. Whatever the case, evidence strongly suggests that male doctors generally were not quite ready to accept women as valuable members of the workplace.

Moving on, two women in particular who did not necessarily volunteer for the war, but indeed were sucked helplessly into the issues of the Civil War were Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Davis. They were obviously affected in a different way than other women, for they were married to the men who headed the battling entities. Certainly the women must have had serious reflections on the war as they watched their husbands devote their lives to the cause. Did the women fully agree with the stance taken by the men? Unfortunately, written works all too often neglect to reflect the thoughts of the wives of major figures such as Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. However, Mary Chestnut's journal commented enough on both to create an impression about the women's character. It must be noted, though, that her view of Mrs. Lincoln seemed sometimes tainted by the fact that the women represented opposing sides of the war. In fact, Chestnut generated the notion that Mrs. Lincoln went virtually untouched by the war. For example, whenever she mentioned Mrs. Lincoln, the description almost always cast Mrs. Lincoln as someone very much caught up with economic concerns. Chestnut, in a tone dripping with disapproval, noted an elaborate party given by Mrs. Lincoln.[17] Apparently a woman, First Lady or not, should not have time to coordinate festive bashes during wartime! Most certainly there was much more to Mrs. Lincoln, but perhaps Chestnut never stumbled upon a chance to properly identify with her. On the other hand, Chestnut portrayed Mrs. Davis as a wise, deeply feeling woman who felt a tremendous commitment to the Confederate cause. Of course, Mary Chestnut socially encountered Davis much more often and perhaps as a result liked and knew her better. Reinforcing the favorable impression, Chestnut wrote of the strength and sensitivity shown by Mrs. Davis when, after Bull Run, she had to tell her friend, Mrs. Hunter, that her husband had been killed. Later, as the foundation of the Confederacy began to crumble, Chestnut wrote with feeling, "Mrs. Davis utterly depressed. She said seize of Richmond must come."[18] With this passage the reader gains a sense of the distress felt by Mrs. Davis. In truth, both women experienced a tragedy in addition to the trials of the war. Though Chestnut only mentioned the incident in reference to Mrs. Davis, the

two women each lost a dear son. A person may imagine the despair that gripped not only the women, but Presidents Davis and Lincoln, too.[19]

In conclusion, it is not necessarily so important that a person look at the Civil War from a woman's perspective, but that a person realizes that there existed many different levels of the conflict. Not everyone experienced the war in the same way, and of course not all women felt the effects as greatly as the ones discussed in this paper. Perhaps some of the upper-class women, especially in the North, maintained a life relatively untouched by the horrors of the battles. It also needs to be mentioned that not all women who worked as nurses, or other volunteers, performed admirably. After all, women are merely human. But in any case, the fact that the American Civil War intruded in such a wide variety of lives made it a war unlike any previous war in the United States. That fact simply must not go unrecognized.

ENDNOTES

1 Mary Boykin Miller Chestnut, *Mary Chestnut's War*, ed. C. Vann Woodward (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1981), 397.

2 James Cooper Nisbet, "A Confederate Soldier Applauds Southern Womanhood," *Major Problems in the Civil War and Reconstruction*, ed. Michael Perman (Chicago: D. C. Heath and Company, 1991), 325.

3 An unsigned letter, "Plain Folk Protest the Burden of the War, February 1863," Ibid., 285.

4 Nisbet, "A Confederate Soldier," 325.

5 Chestnut, *Mary Chestnut's War*, 836.

6 L. Thomas, "The United States Adjutant General Describes the Condition of Fleeing Slaves, August 1863," *Major Problems in the Civil War and Reconstruction*, ed. Michael Perman (Chicago: D. C. Heath and Company, 1991), 360-1.

7 Mattie Curtis, "A Freed Slave Remembers Her Struggle After Emancipation" Ibid., 484.

8 Ibid.

9 Clara Barton, "Clara Barton Intervenes to Alleviate Suffering, Sept, 1862," Ibid., 319.

10 Ibid., 319-320.

11 Chestnut, *Mary Chestnut's War*, 158.
12 "General Schurz Describes the Horror of the Field Hospital After Gettysburg, July 1863," *Major Problems in the Civil War and Reconstruction*, ed. Michael Perman (Chicago: D. C. Heath and Company, 1991), 209.
13 Susie K. Taylor, "A Black Woman Describes Her Role in Camp, 1864," Ibid., 320-321.
14 Chestnut, *Mary Chestnut's War*, 172.
15 Phoebe Yates Pember, "A Southern Nurse Commands Southern Womanhood," *Major Problems in the Civil War and Reconstruction*, ed. Michael Perman (Chicago: D. C. Heath and Company, 1991), 324-5.
16 Hannah Ropes, "A Northern Nurse Expresses Her Frustration, Oct. 1862," Ibid., 317.
17 Chestnut, *Mary Chestnut's War*, 595.
18 Ibid., 594.
19 Ibid., 601-2.

THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE PROJECTION OF MULTILATERAL MILITARY POWER

By Douglas Peterson

THE disintegration of the Soviet Union and the downfall of communism have brought about a major realignment of international relationships. The removal of the ex-U.S.S.R.'s superpower status ended the cold war-induced stalemate between the United States and the Soviet Union. The stalemate's demise has freed the arenas of international relations wherein previously the United States and the U.S.S.R. would prevent each other from taking any effective action, particularly within the United Nations. This opening has raised the possibility of multilateral military action by the United Nations. But this alone does not herald the coming of an era in which the U.N. can project peacekeeping forces and other forms of military power to resolve international disputes. Indeed, the lack of agreement between the old U.S.S.R. and the United States was one of numerous impediments to a viable United Nations military force.

Nationalistic concerns continue to impede international consensus within the General Assembly and the Security Council of the U.N. The charter of the United Nations contains strong language affirming the concept of sovereignty and does not define in great detail the methods by which it may assume a peacekeeping role. Additionally, the Security Council is not in full agreement on the shape of current U.N. peacekeeping operations, let alone future military force projections. Finally, the nature of the United Nations requires that its peacekeeping or other military forces be free from serving selfish national interests. Yet for such a force to achieve military credibility it must draw heavily from Western militaries and in particular from the United States. Thus, the United Nations "is politically better able to play" the role of peacekeeper and peace-

maker, but there are still numerous national and institutional obstacles to the U.N.'s projection of military power.[1]

The history of the United Nations military intervention is one of timidity and vacillation. The only large-scale conflict that the U.N. ever engaged in before Operation Desert Storm was the Korean War, and that was slipped past the Russians during their absence from a General Assembly session. The Korean operation was given over largely to the United States, which supplied the majority of the troops and executed supreme command. In other operations the United Nations has sent its troops into conflicts with their hands tied. Peacekeeping forces were normally ordered to fire only in self-defense and the troops were armed only lightly, relying on their neutral status for protection.

In evidence of the inability of U.N. forces to resolve disputes, several decades-old operations are still ongoing. These include the Kashmir operation (UNMOGIP), which has been observing the "cease-fire" between the Indians and the Pakistanis since 1949;[2] the UN Interim Force in Lebanon (UNIFIL), which was organized in 1978 to keep Israeli forces out of Southern Lebanon and to assist the Lebanese government in exercising control over the area;[3] and the Cyprus operation, which has been ongoing since 1964 (UNFICYP). Canada, Austria and Denmark are withdrawing their troops from Cyprus because of the lack of progress in the peace negotiations.[4] These and many other missions have failed because of the weak mandates set by the United Nations.[5] These mandates were rooted in the U.N.'s desire to respect national sovereignty and its inability during the cold war to take effective action without incurring a veto from either superpower. For these reasons an independent, successful military operation has yet to be mounted under the U.N. flag.

The end of the Cold War has so far occasioned more massive deployments of United Nations peacekeeping forces, but they have been as insubstantial and unsupported as past operations.[6] The U.N. mission in Cambodia exemplifies this. With the realignment of international relationships, China, Russia, and the U.S. have been able to halt their involvement in Cambodia's civil war.[7] This has given the United Nations the opportunity to mobilize 22,000 personnel for the U.N. Transitional Authority in Cambodia (UNTAC). These personnel are charged with not only supervising the disarmament of all sides and the adherence to the peace agreements, but also

with the governing of Cambodia and the supervision of its election. However, the troops were not given enforcement authority. Now that the Khmer Rouge have begun flagrantly to violate the peace treaties, the U.N. forces have been powerless to stop them. The United Nations is in danger of another failed operation because it has not invested its military arm with a sufficient mandate.

The Secretary General of the United Nations, Boutros Boutros-Ghali, has recommended several reforms to enhance the ability of the United Nations to project military power. In order to finance the operations, which have always been a U.N. difficulty, he has called for "a working capital fund for the start-up of new operations."[8] He also calls for national governments to designate certain specially trained units for mobilization as peacekeepers with agreed-upon notification. Thirdly, he requests that a stock of material be acquired and held at the ready by the U.N. in various locations around the world, much as the U.S. has pre-positioned equipment and ammunition in various sites. The troops so designated by their respective nations would be used solely for peace-making missions. In the Secretary General's own words:

> . . . they would be under the command of the Secretary General . . . But the concept goes beyond peacekeeping to the extent that the operation would be deployed without the express consent of the two parties (though its basis would be a ceasefire agreement previously reached between them). U.N. troops would be authorized to use force to ensure respect for the ceasefire.[9]

As the former Secretary General Perez de Cuellar said, United Nations forces must have a "workable mandate."[10] These suggestions would enable the U.N. to field troops which could forcibly restore ceasefire agreements.[11] These would increase the United Nation's ability to project its peacekeeping power and are designed to address the problems arising from the Cambodian and Angolan operations.

Boutros-Ghali's plans fail to address some problems, however. Nations are not likely to easily detach members of their militaries to semi-permanent United Nations duty. This is especially true of those nations whose members are most desirable for use in combat: the

western states with their professional militaries. And while in general all nations have called for an expanded U.N. role in peacekeeping, individually the nations of the world are not jumping to commit themselves to this goal.[12] Furthermore, the Secretary General must work with the United States. Without the U.S., the United Nations "lacks muscle,"[13] but with U.S. involvement in peacekeeping operations the U.N. loses some of its independence.

The United States has in the past insisted on full control over any operation involving its forces, which meant that the U.N. relinquished control of an operation to the U.S. if it wished to field a major military expedition. The United States, under the Clinton administration, has shown a willingness to attach small numbers of non-combat support troops to certain recent U.N. operations, such as the Somalian relief undertaking. But the new administration has not yet shown an interest in relinquishing combat forces nor large numbers of troops to the command of the Secretary General. Even if President Clinton were inclined to do this, Congress would not be likely to allow extensive deployments of troops without its approval.

The projection of military power through an international organization such as the United Nations involves several inherent difficulties. The U.N. is a world forum where multiple interests clash, including both group interests and those of each member-nation. With so many voices comes frequent discord. Conventional wisdom holds that as the number of players increases, the chances of agreement diminish in an inverse relationship.[14] Yet this large group of actors does allow for a more balanced agreement eventually to be reached, through the group's greater opportunity for discussion. Joseph Grieco articulates that a state has no choice but to depend upon itself, for trust and alliances are ephemeral. Conversely, cooperation is also necessary in international politics. If one nation fails to join a group, that group may then gain a relative advantage over the one nation through the benefit of the group's cooperation on military or economic matters.[15] In any case, states will approach international organizations with qualifications and only if their own national security strategy "allows for common as well as competing interests."[16] These observations reflect the essentially contradictory nature of the U.N. as a viable, but often paralyzed organization. States see cooperation as their only choice, so that they may learn through discourse and avoid letting other states gain through agree-

ments to which they are not a party. But that cooperation is conditional, for states do not intend to put their national security at risk for the sake of international accord. The primacy of national security in state strategies contributes to the weakness of international organizations, for the United Nations is always subject to its members' desires.

The structure of the Security Council and its veto provision constitutes another significant obstacle to the United Nation's projection of military power. With ultimate control over the question of whether the U.N. may use force, the permanent members of the Security Council have in the past halted all effective military action by the United Nations, and still have that potential. While Russia is more amenable to the use of troops by the U.N. than the old U.S.S.R., China still may veto such actions. In the case of the Gulf War, it must be remembered that China merely abstained, not voting for the resolutions that the United States used to punish Iraq. The U.S. could also derail future U.N. actions, for the U.S.'s interests are not always synonymous with the U.N.'s. When it deems it necessary to do so, the United States has flexed its power unilaterally, as in Panama and Vietnam. The U.S. position on international affairs is especially significant to the U.N. because the U.S. is the only nation that can offer sufficient military power and logistical support to create a credible U.N. force. And because the United States is a democratic country, domestic politics play an especially important role in its foreign policy. As Grieco said, "there is no doubt that domestic political institutions and dynamics also shape a nation's foreign economic goals and strategies."[17] Thus it cannot be assured that the United States will agree to all U.N. operations, for "it seems most unlikely that U.S. public opinion would accept further American military interventions . . . in the service of an international consensus the United States did not dominate."[18]

Additionally, the chances of the Security Council's permanent members giving away their veto power are nil, for as Hans J. Morgenthau said, "all great powers [have] insisted upon a procedural device which would protect them against being out-voted by a hostile majority on issues of political importance."[19] With these restrictions in mind, the U.N. may only engage in activities which the Security Council's members consider to raise acceptably their costs of exploitation. In other words, the member's national survival must

not be at stake,[20] nor their national interests threatened. The United Nations is thus limited by its internal structure and the necessity that it depend upon the United States for military power.

The United Nations is not a world government, but merely a forum in which international disputes are aired and agreements between sovereign states may be made. As such, it cannot exercise credible military power independently of its members, most particularly the permanent members of the Security Council. Without a consensus among the member states, the U.N. is unable to project a viable military force. However, if there does exist a favorable consensus among the Security Council, the United Nations will be in a position to expand its role in the settlement of disputes through military intervention.

The U.N. must also alter the manner in which it composes its peacekeeping or other military forces, as well as their basic mission statements. The following solution would allow the U.N. to avoid having the "entire undertaking [a peacekeeping operation] . . . identified with the country or countries actually involved in military action rather than with the United Nations."[21] If the commander of the forces were to be appointed from the major supplier of men and material, then he could be required to consult the Security Council on strategic matters and his basic missions.[22] This would be feasible if the Security Council was in agreement on the problem at hand. Then the troop bearing nation, most likely to be the United States, would be able to exercise direct tactical control over its forces while the U.N. maintained strategic command and identification as the operation's leader. Thus if the Security Council were in agreement, it is possible to construct a scenario in which the United States would be willing, given domestic approval, to commit troops in support of the U.N. This places the burden of decision upon the U.S., however, for it is only through the commitment of American troops that an operation could be considered viable. And the multiplicity of variables that must first be satisfied before an operation could be undertaken make it extremely unlikely that the United Nations will be able to freely project its power militarily.

ENDNOTES

1 "Blue Helmet Blues," *The Economist* (April 8, 1989): 18.
2 "Goulding Describes New Era of Peace-Keeping," *UN Chronicle* (Sept. 1992): 17.
3 "Blue Helmet Blues," 18.
4 "United Nations: Peacekeeping Around the World," *New York Times* (Jan. 25, 1993): 10.
5 "Goulding Describes," 17. As of Sept. 1992, there were 12 ongoing operations, of which 5 predated the current decade. These are the U.N. operations in Lebanon (UNIFIL), the Golan Heights (UNDOF), Cyprus (UNFICYP), India and Pakistan (UNMOGIP), and a mission supervising various Arab-Israeli truces (UNTSO).
6 Boutros Boutros-Ghali, "Empowering the U.N.," *Foreign Affairs* 72.5 (Winter 1992/93): 92. Since 1988, 14 new operations have been undertaken, 5 having completed their mandates already and disbanded. In the first half of 1992, The number of U.N. soldiers and police will grow by a factor of four, exceeding 50,000 at years end.
7 "As the U.N.'s Armies Grow, the Talk is of Preventing War," *New York Times* (March 1, 1992): E4.
8 Boutros-Ghali, "Empowering the U.N.," 92.
9 Ibid., 94.
10 "UN Peacekeeping Activities Need Broad Support," *UN Chronicle* (March 1990): 74.
11 Melana Zyla, "Doves of War," *Far Eastern Economic Review* (July 9, 1992): 9.
12 "Round Up a Posse," *The Economist* 27 (June 27, 1992): 48.
13 Leslie H. Gelb, "The U.N. Chief's Dilemma," *New York Times* (Dec. 31, 1992): 25.
14 Helen Milner, "International Theories of Cooperation Among Nations," *World Politics* 44 (April 1992): 473.
15 Milner, "International Theories," 484.
16 Celeste A. Wallander, "International Institutions and Modern Security Strategies," *Problems of Communism* (Jan-Apr. 1992): 52.
17 Milner, "International Theories," 490.
18 William Pfaff, "Redefining World Power," *Foreign Affairs* (1990/91): 44.

19 Hans J. Morgenthau, *The Impasse of American Foreign Policy* (Chicago: University of Chicago, 1962), 133.
20 Wallander, "International Institutions," 51.
21 Bruce Russett and James S. Sutterlin, "The U.N. in a New World Order," *Foreign Affairs* (Spring 1991): 76.
22 Russett and Sutterlin, "The U.N. in a New World Order," 77.

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MOLAS: SYMBOL OF KUNA ETHNICITY

By Mikki Senn

THE mola is a form of textile art made and worn by the women of the Kuna people — descendants of an ancient Panamanian people. Part of the traditional women's costume, molas are now used mostly for special ceremonies.[1] They incorporate symbols and images that are part of the Kuna culture. This paper suggests that molas developed from their origins in body painting, and that they are used today as a means of maintaining Kuna ethnic identity.

Development of the Mola

The word "mola" refers to both the appliquéd panel and the blouse on which it is typically displayed. Although they may vary in size, usually they are sixteen by nineteen inches. Mola skirts were twenty-seven inches in length, but these are very seldom made any more. The panels incorporate primary and complementary colors mostly: red, yellow, blue, green, purple, and orange. Red is favored, and black is featured frequently. In the classic mola, two colors, or sets of colors, alternate with each other in bands of equivalent widths.[2]

The people of the molas call themselves Tule or Tulemala which means "men" or "people." They have accepted the name outsiders use — cuna — but they use the spelling "Kuna." The meaning of this word is uncertain. The Kuna live in the territory of coastal Panama known to outsiders as San Blas with small pockets of Kuna on the Darien Isthmus, around the Gulf of Uraba, and in the Atrato Basin, but the San Blas Kuna are the ones whose culture developed the molas. The population of 30,000 to 35,000 is relatively isolated by choice.[3]

The main cash crop is coconuts that are grown in groves on the mainland, while the Kuna live in rectangular homes fifty feet long

and crowded tightly on the San Blas islands. Some groves are privately owned and some are communal, but a family's plots are usually scattered around, not contiguous. Some of these are gardens that are kept to feed the family. Traditionally it is the role of men to farm, fish, build and repair homes, and fill in edges of the islands with dirt from the mainland. They made their own clothes and that of their sons, but this has changed; most men and boys wear purchased western clothing. Women care for the family, wash, get water, and cook. They make molas, usually by hand, in their spare time. The only others that sew molas are albinos in their population.[4]

The development of the mola began in the early sixteenth century. At the time of European contact, women wore wrapped skirts that were made of cotton grown, woven, and dyed themselves; they wore no blouses, only necklaces. Men wore hard penis coverings of gold or shell and necklaces. According to seventeenth century British accounts, they wore body paint as well. The colors were bright, with red, yellow, and blue being favored. Stylized birds, animals, men, and trees were applied to faces.[5] In other areas of lower Central America including Honduras and Darien Panama, body paint was used during ceremonies. Usually reds and blacks were used, and could include the personal symbol of their chief.[6] Men began to dress in European shirts and slacks in the early seventeenth century, but women continued to dress traditionally. By the middle of the nineteenth century, women wore knee-length shifts that Rhoda L. Auld believes were white. With these were worn underskirts called *pincha makkalet* that were painted with dyes. At first, native black dye was used, then indigo came with traders. This may have been a step between body painting and the molas. The colorful underskirts were replaced by a band of dark blue material with red designs placed on the hem of the white shifts in the 1880s. This band became a simple applique, and was widened in 1890 so that it went up as high as the armpits. At this time, the Kuna were able to purchase European needles, thread, and cloth by way of the coconut trade boats. The Kuna women began wearing wrapped skirts of machine made cotton print cloth. The mola was shortened to a blouse so it would not cover the skirts.[7]

The women's costume that was developed by the middle of the nineteenth century has not changed significantly since then. The mola blouse is made of commercially made cotton material with

short, puffed sleeves and gathered yolk. The headdress is two scarves that have been printed on a double width of fabric, but not cut apart, so it is twice the width of a commercial scarf. It is usually bright red and yellow and is draped on the head flowing over the shoulders.[8] Jewelry is very extensive. Nose rings have not been worn by the men since the beginning of the twentieth century due to pressure from the Panamanian government; however, women continue to wear them today. Several necklaces are worn, sometimes obscuring the molas. In addition, long strands of tiny beads are wound tightly around the arms and ankles to form a design.[9]

The Use of Colors and Symbols

According to Swedish anthropologist Erland Nordenskiold, there is a very close relationship between art, ritual, and religious ideology among the Kuna. The symbolism in their use of color, the motifs of the molas, and their ornamentation are representations of their own knowledge and ideas collected by members of the community who have traveled and incorporated the ideas into the Kuna traditions.[10]

It is important to point out that despite the extensive work done by James Howe, Norenskiold, and herself, Mary Helms admits that no systematic study of Kuna symbolism and ideology has ever been made. Therefore, the best that can be accomplished in this paper is a discussion of the known symbolic meaning of some of the motifs and images that are shared by surrounding cultures. Samuel K. Lothrop (1966), who analyzed the pottery of lower Central America, and Sally Price (1984), who studied the textile art of the Saramaka people of Suriname, believe that motifs and designs indicate the values and nature of a culture. They provide a glimpse into their belief systems, and can give clues about the influences other cultures have upon them. Dorothea and Norman J. Whitten, Jr. in their book *From Myth to Creation* analyze pottery, the art form of the Canelos Quichua women of Ecuador. Like the Kuna, they incorporate images from the natural world around them, from the spiritual world, and from the modern commercial world into their designs.[11]

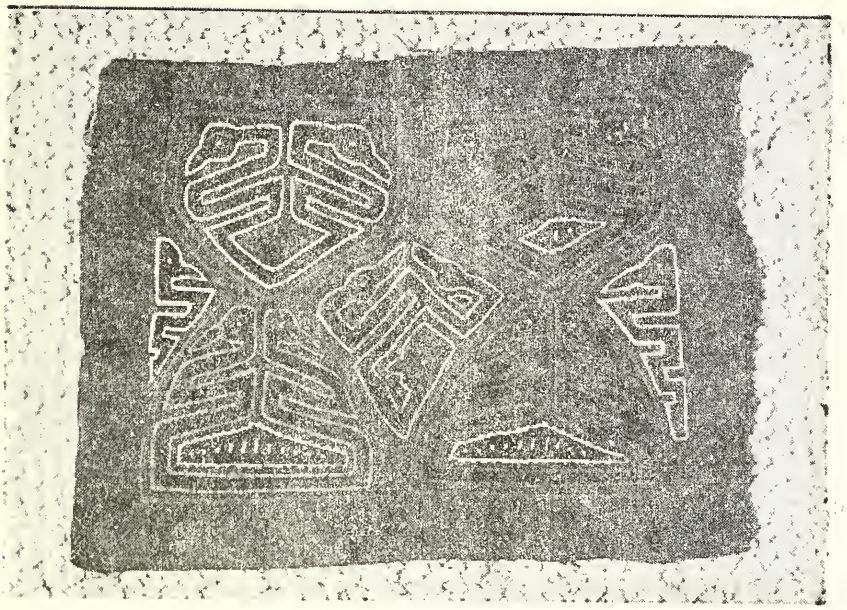
The molas designs are created by the woman who is the sewer. Some favored designs are considered the exclusive property of the creator and are handed down from mother to daughter, but the vast majority of ideas are shared freely. The designs reached their height of complexity between the late 1940s to the 1960s, when contact with

the industrialized world was more frequent due to the availability of jobs in the canal zone. Kuna men returning from the canal zone brought canned goods, magazines, cigarettes, and other goods carrying letters and motifs that found their way onto molas. But as is the case with the Canelos, images of the spiritual world are also used.

An ideology that is very common in Middle and South America is that regarding the three major sources of life-giving energy: the sun, earth, and woman. The sun is associated with warmth, light, protection, and maleness. The earth is associated with land, water, plants, animals, and femaleness. The third is the image of woman as child bearer. These images are very prevalent in the gold work for which the Kuna were very well known.[12] Claude Levi-Strauss, in his book *The Raw and the Cooked*, examined the symbolism of the lizard in Kuna and Choco culture as the master of fire, as seen in the myth about the origin of fire. Many tropical American myths associate iguanas with culture heroes — either as a tamer of natural elements, or as food for the heroes — and assign to them some of the qualities of chieftainship. The caiman is associated with evil forces and female themes of terrestrial water and the underworld. These themes are evident in the chanted myths of the Kuna that include the symbolism.[13]

There are two principal deities in Kuna cosmology, Pap Tummat and his wife Nan Tummat, the Great Father and Mother. He created the world with sixteen layers in the underworld, and eight levels in heaven. The Great Mother gave birth to man, animals, and plants. The Kuna are *Olotule* or golden people who have a special agreement with the Great Father to watch over and care for the world. The most important culture hero is *Tad Ibe* or *Ibelele* who battles evil supernatural chiefs while dressed in gold helmet and anklets. He overcomes them using bravery and intellect. He turns the evil chiefs into animals. Tad Ibe was sent to earth to instruct people in arts and crafts and rituals. It is he who taught women to make molas.[14] Besides the major deities there are minor spirits most of whom are maleficent. The medicine men or *inatuledis* can communicate with them and appease or outwit them. These ideas and images were transformed into art forms: molas, body paint, and gold work.

The emphasis on the colors black and red by the Kuna can be seen in their molas and traditional body paints. Howe suggests that the patterns and symbolism of color may have had the same meanings



Three color mola with extensive use of inlay for color additions, again each bird is slightly different. Note the interesting human-like profile at center.
Photographer: Doug Senn

Two color mola with appliquéd parrots. Chain stitching to add colors and fill space. Note variation in each corner coil, also difference in parrots' eyes.
Photographer: Doug Senn

used by other lowland cultures: red stood for fertility, vitality and sensitivity, and black meant sexuality and regeneration.[15] Red and black carry similar meanings in a Canelos Quichua myth about the origins of the Amazonian swidden garden.[16] The molas make use of red, yellow, blue, and black mostly. Studies show an association in Kuna mythology of yellow with the sun, gold, and positiveness; and red and black with the cosmic duality of creation and death — the dynamics and renewal of life.[17]

The Effects of Transforming Forces on Kuna Art and Life

This section will deal with the avenues of cultural exchange that have been available to the Kuna, those that have been forced on the Kuna, and how these have affected both the making and distributing of the molas.

From the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries San Blas was a Spanish territory. Although the native population plummeted from 700,000 to 10,000 due to European disease, abuse, and forced labor in gold mines according to Spanish records, the Kuna were able to retreat to the mountains and maintain their cultural identity. In 1787 Spanish authorities signed a treaty with the Kuna that allowed for some peace and trade.[18]

The nineteenth century proved to be another time of turmoil. In 1821 Panama achieved independence from Spain, but it was considered a part of Colombia. From 1847 to 1869 the "Gold Rushers," a rowdy bunch that drank, fought, and generally attracted attention, were bound for California using the trans-isthmus railroad that ran through Panama. Meanwhile, Colombia experienced coups and violence as governmental power changed hands rapidly until 1886. The Kuna staged a rebellion of their own in 1904 to gain independence from Colombia, and then fell under the jurisdiction of the Panamanian government.[19] In the middle of the nineteenth century, the Kuna had a strong demand for commercially made cotton cloth for women's costumes.[20]

In the first half of the twentieth century two events occurred that deeply affected the Kuna. First, the Panamanian government tried to forcibly "civilize" the Kuna by physically removing their nose rings, substituting western dress for the molas, and generally requiring them to behave as Panamanians. At this time the San Blas chief died. The period of disorder that followed ended around 1925 when

independence from Panama was declared. The U.S. assisted in establishing the Kuna as a semi-autonomous entity under Panama. The second event was the migration of the Kuna from the mainland to the coral islands offshore during the first half of the century.[21] Howe points out that in the nineteenth century there were several Spanish settlements nearby, there was a wave of immigration of Choco Indians into southern Darien, and there were a number of epidemics. These population pressures may have encouraged the Kuna to retreat to the islands. It was after the migration that the women's costume including the shortened mola was developed in its intricacy.

These two events, the migration and establishing political independence locally, had great effects on the social and cultural organization of the Kuna. In 1903 the Kuna chief whose authority encompassed all San Blas died. In the power vacuum that followed, three factions formed: one in the eastern islands, one in the central-western islands, and one composed of modernists who wanted to discard the traditional way of life. The modernists were supported by Panamanian police in suppressing the expression of Kuna culture until 1930 when the U.S. forced Panama to sign a treaty with the Kuna establishing their representation in the national government.[22]

Next, what had been an informal arrangement of land use of coconut groves for the community became a westernized system of private land ownership. However, some lands were retained voluntarily as public land for groves and public services. Since the turn of the nineteenth century the Kuna have been very heavily involved in cash cropping coconuts for trade with other countries. It appears that land ownership is an example of an aspect of the modern world adopted by the Kuna. A political structure that was somewhat rank conscious and based, at least partly, upon heredity became more democratic and egalitarian.[23] Yet the Kuna have maintained a very distinctive culture that is still quite separate from the modern world.

Until recently, visitors were not welcomed, and native women were absolutely forbidden to leave the community on pain of death.[24] However, certain men could travel out into the world to gain knowledge and return. Men chosen to be chiefs and *nele* or religious specialists-in-training were sent out. Training was considered a process of many years of travel and study beginning with familiar environments and expanding out to the exotic. Medicine men would

travel to Bogota picking up artistic and herbal knowledge to bring back, and this broader knowledge became an aura of power. The chiefs capitalized on this power in the singing gatherings. Chiefs would use their knowledge of Europeans in stories to add emphasis to their admonitions and warnings.[25]

The notion of increased knowledge and therefore power associated with having contact with the wider world is also evident in the Saramaka culture of Suriname. Men are assigned the role of leaving their villages periodically to work farther inland while women remain in the villages and engage in a decorative textile sewing. It is a sign of masculinity and power to demonstrate the ability to function in foreign settings.[26] Since the twentieth century, the Kuna men, like the Saramaka men, have been travelling to the interior of Panama, the canal zone, and Colombia to work.

No longer the prerogative of just the elite, travel has changed Kuna art in subtle ways. Motifs from magazine advertisements, canned food labels, and political posters have made their way onto molas. The idea of the cosmic significance and power of the western world has been incorporated into the chants in the singing gatherings. An explanation of the concept of *purba* — the invisible essence of a thing—is illustrated as the gurgle of a brook, the growl of an animal, or the hum of an outboard motor.[27]

For the first time, beginning in the mid-twentieth century, there is a complete difference between the front and back mola panels on the traditional blouses.[28] This last effect may be explained by the phenomenon of tourism and the resulting involvement of the Peace Corps. They developed what amounted to the mass production of mola blouses. Molas reached the height of their complexity and development in the 1950s and 60s. By this time, large supplies and varieties of cloth were available. It was at this time the Peace Corps became involved.[29]

In the 1960s members of the Peace Corps recognized the value of the molas. They formed cooperatives on the mainland to find markets for the molas. The Peace Corps workers began to buy cloth, stack pieces, baste them together, and parcel them out to women whose design and sewing abilities were strong. These were sent back to the cooperatives to be machine sewn onto garments and sold to tourists. Eventually molas of poor quality began to seep into the market, and some are now being made by machine at San Blas. In the 1970s, as the

political structure of Panama began to crumble, the Peace Corps left, and the cooperatives shut down. However, since molas were introduced to industrial societies, they have become chic.[30]

In light of such upheaval, one might wonder that traditional Kuna culture traits have survived at all. The truth is that a number of traditional practices and beliefs persist such as marriage rituals, groom capture, and those for public works and buildings. Many are no longer regularly observed, but the puberty rituals for girls are still popular. For any important ceremony the women all wear molas.[31]

Another mechanism that preserves Kuna tradition, cultural identity, and mythology is the singing gathering, handled by prominent men in the community.[32] The highest rank of the community elite is the *quevis* or high chief — *caciques* is the Spanish term — who is chosen because of personal qualities such as wisdom, or singing ability.[33] There are two kinds of meetings or *onmakket*: the secular council of men only who settle public business, and the village-wide singing gathering in which matters of religious, moral, and cultural heritage are addressed. The singing gathering unites the community by reminding the Kuna nightly of their identities and traditions. The act of gathering together as a unit, and seating themselves in an established pattern of men, women, and officials reinforces their identities. The chant or song content is based on the *Pap Ikar* or Father's Way, the story of their creation and explanation for the natural order of the world. Today many Kuna doubt some aspects of the cosmology, but accept the *Pap Ikar* figuratively and metaphorically.[34]

Whether at a metaphorical level, or as part of their major religion, the Father's Way has persisted. During European domination Spaniards imposed Catholicism as the official religion, but clandestine adherence to the old religion persevered. Since 1923 Panama has been committed to the idea of religious freedom. Today both modern medicine practitioners and *inatuledis* are sought to remedy illness in order to "hedge bets"[35] It may be that the Kuna culture is resilient precisely because it does adapt to changes in the world. Dorothea S. Whitten and Norman E. Whitten attribute much of the strength of the Canelos Quichua culture to the ability of its women to "balance traditional knowledge with modern experience through their adaptability and keen sense of humor."[36] This humor is evident in some of

their pottery which seems to poke fun at the modern world. Similarly, some of the molas of the Kuna include whimsical images of cigarettes, campaign posters, and airplanes full of birds.

Continued contact between the Kuna and the rest of the world is inevitable. Will this "spoil" the purity of the Kuna culture? Are the molas that contain images of cigarettes, political figures, and airplanes disappointing and "ruined?" I think not. Like images of caiman, iguanas, monkeys, and the use of color, no one outside of the Kuna knows what they mean to the Kuna themselves. Diffusion is taking place, but the Kuna are making the images their own — incorporating them into their own culture rather than allowing another culture to dominate it. We only know the meaning applied to the motifs, if any, through interviews with the Kuna who are wary of divulging more than superficial information.[37] The persistence of such Kuna traditions as mola making and the singing gathering has allowed Kuna identity to survive dominance by Spain, Colombia, a stage of changing independent states in the nineteenth century, and modern Panama with its current instability. Edward Spicer termed this a "persistent identity system."[38] Their future survival seems assured.

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"... AND THEY SWAM, AND THEY SWAM, RIGHT OVER THE DAM!"

By Mollie T. Storke

THE decline of the Chesapeake Bay, occurring gradually over time, has been a heart-rending event. There are many factors contributing to this decline that one could ponder. I have chosen to look solely at the decline of the American Shad, *Alosa sapidissima*, its migration back to the fresh waters of the Susquehanna, and the impact that humans, and more specifically, the Philadelphia Electric Company, have had on its natural journey. Realizing that the decline of this species is far more complex than a man-made barrier, one must begin somewhere, and this is my starting point. The Conowingo Hydro-Electric Station, located in northern Maryland on the Susquehanna River, is a branch of the Philadelphia Electric Company. This station has two fish passages in operation, but not in ideal operation. I plan to look at the reasons these lifts are not effective. The American Shad harvest levels are down by 90 percent in Maryland[1], a disgraceful statistic, and a valid symbol of the Chesapeake Bay's ill health.

Alosa sapidissima, hereafter referred to as shad, is greenish in color with silvery sides, a dark spot on the shoulder, occasionally followed by smaller ones.[2] Young shad feed on small crustaceans, insects, and insect larvae, as well as on small fish; adults feed on plants, mollusks, worms, and small fish.[3] A member of the herring family, the average adult shad weighs from two to six pounds and attains a length of 16 to 20 inches, with females being larger than the males.[4] Shad are anadromous fish, meaning they are born in fresh water, migrate to salt water where they live most of their adult years, then return to fresh water to spawn. The shad enters the Chesapeake Bay seeking fresh water from the Atlantic Ocean around March, or when temperatures allow, and are gone by the first of June. Spawning takes place soon after arrival, with the average female releasing 250,000

eggs; on average, only one shad reaches adulthood for every 100,000 eggs fertilized.[5] The average hatching period at temperatures that normally prevail during shad seasons varies from about six to ten days.[6] The young shad are ten millimeters in length, growing rapidly enough to start migrating to salt water with the approach of cool weather.[7] By fall, when their migratory instinct detects the water temperature drop below 60 F, the young are four to six inches and they start their journey.[8] Shad spend their adult life in salt water; only after three to six years do they return to fresh water to spawn; most of them subsequently die.[9]

This migration of the shad should occur naturally, and it did until the arrival of industrialization, along with land settlement in the early 1800s. Dams were built to harness water power to operate grain mills or saw mills. By 1820, dams had eliminated shad runs to Binghamton, New York. Many canal feeding dams were built between 1820 and 1900, denying shad access to 400 miles of the Susquehanna River. These were followed by the development of hydroelectric dams. The first hydroelectric facility was the York Haven Dam, completed in 1904, followed by a larger Holtwood Dam, completed in 1910, Conowingo Dam, 1926-28, and finally Safe Harbor Dam, 1931.[10] To allow migratory species (the shad most importantly) access to larger areas in the river, a fish way was proposed in 1955 to be erected at the Conowingo Dam.

The desirability and feasibility of passing fish at Conowingo was investigated in 1957-1960 by the Maryland Department of Research and Education at Solomons and the Susquehanna Electric Company in Conowingo. The resulting report concluded that a fish ladder would not help to increase shad numbers because not enough shad make it to the dam: "In the very considerable quantity of evidence obtained, there is no indication that any other fish or fishery (for shad, striped bass, catfish, etc.) would benefit appreciably if passage for the species were provided at Conowingo Dam."[11] However, the state of Pennsylvania also contracted biologists to report on the feasibility of facilities for the passage of migratory fish at dams on the Susquehanna River. In 1962 Milo C. Bell and Harlan B. Holmes reached the opposite conclusions from those of the previous report:

> We have concluded that fish ways at the Susquehanna River dams are feasible, and it is our opinion that properly

> constructed and operated fish ways at these dams would successfully pass runs of shad and other anadromous fishes that reach the dams with an urge to continue upstream migration. [12]

The results of this study, accompanied by public awareness of the decline in shad, led to the construction of fish passages at the Conowingo Dam.

From 1928 through 1970, there were sufficient numbers of shad in the upper bay to sustain a sport and commercial fishery. However, in 1970, a sudden decline occurred.[13] It should be noted that by 1970 the entire Chesapeake Bay took a drastic turn for the worse, and that the shad were just a part of a big picture. In 1972, a natural event, Hurricane Agnes, put the finishing touch on the decline of the shad by depositing large quantities of silt on shad spawning areas in the upper Chesapeake Bay.[14]

As a result of this decline, several events took place: fisheries and hatcheries were made more productive; a Maryland state moratorium on commercial and sport fishing of shad was placed in effect on April 4, 1980; and most importantly, fish ladders were finally constructed and made operational.[15] Because three additional dams were located up-river from the Conowingo Dam, the "ideal fish-passage" would not be productive. The model passage concept is to allow migrating fish to pass unharmed through the dam so that they can continue their migration. Because the three dams above the Conowingo do not as yet have fish-passages in operation, the shad would be held between the Conowingo and Holtwood. The researchers found a way to overcome this obstacle by trapping the adult fish at Conowingo Dam and transporting them by tank truck to the area above the dams for spawning.[16] This trap and transport method is currently being used at the Conowingo Dam. The fish are placed into a tank truck that simulates water currents and are transported to a predetermined location on the Susquehanna River above Harrisburg, PA.[17] Trap and transport has increased from 50 shad in 1979 to 27,227 in 1991.[18]

In 1972, the West lift was put into operation. It has two entrance gates where the shad enter, are then trapped and hoisted to a sorting pond, where they are separated, then held in circular storage tanks for biologists to study, or are transported.[19] This lift is essentially an

elevator. A fish lift has an entrance from which the flow of water is released which attracts fish because of their instinct to swim against fast moving water. Once fish have entered the channel, or holding pond, they are crowded into a big bucket and mechanically lifted over the obstruction, thus gaining upstream passage.[20] In the spring of 1991, the Philadelphia Electric Company expanded the passage facilities at Conowingo Hydroelectric Station when the East fish lift began operating. Utilizing the latest technology to attract, collect, and pass shad, this lift is the largest facility of its kind in the United States. It has the capacity to pass 750,000 shad. Working similarly to the West lift, the East lift has three entrances, making it easier for the shad to find one. The channeled Conowingo Pond water, which is used to attract the fish, has adjustable volume to correspond with the tailrace conditions. This lift also has the capability to be enlarged if the population of shad grows in the future.[21]

Once one understands that shad are an anadromous fish, the question arises as to how the young fish make it back through the dam on their trip back to salt water. Little information could be found specific to the Conowingo Dam. The Corps of Engineers conducted research on the passage of small fish through turbines by creating a prototype at Cushman Number Two Hydroelectric Plant. They concluded that with a set of specific characteristics (for example, low runner rate, low negative pressure, maximum clearance, etc.), that small fish could successfully pass through turbines at hydroelectric dams.[22] An investigation of the American Shad in the Upper Chesapeake Bay was conducted by the Department of the Interior Fish and Wildlife Service. In this study, juvenile fish populations were estimated by seine pulls on the Susquehanna River Flats. They reported in the 1982 survey that one juvenile American Shad was collected.[23] This report suggests that fish are not passing successfully back through the dam, although solid conclusions cannot be drawn due to lack of studies. On a more optimistic note, because the estimated shad population has increased from 5,362 in 1980 to 141,019 in 1991, some young shad must be reaching maturity.[24]

The Philadelphia Electric Company has made a genuine effort to restore shad, but one can't help but question the motives behind this effort. It is true that American society would cease to function without its supply of electricity. Only an extreme conservationist would be willing to sacrifice electricity, but it is valid to point out that

the shad were here before man was, and also that the shad probably would not have experienced their plight if it weren't for man. The Conowingo Power Company has the capacity to generate 512,000 kilowatts of power and contributes over a billion kilowatt-hours of electricity for use in homes and industry; it is a powerful company.[25] It has a visitor center at the dam; it even provides a swimming pool for the surrounding community. Why does this company feel compelled to appeal to the community and make selfless efforts to restore the shad when the people cannot buy their electricity from another source? Realizing this is a cynical question, I set out to research whether or not the federal government had forced the company to undertake these projects. I met little success. "Let's just say it was a meeting of the minds between PE (Philadelphia Electric), the Federal government and the Susquehanna River Commission," said Mr. Robert E. Bryson, Vice President and General Manager, retired, of Conowingo Power Company.[26] This is a statement that may answer my question. I suspect that Philadelphia Electric, under some pressure, recognized a serious problem and set out to correct it. Whatever their motives, the decline of the shad is a complex problem, as is the decline of the bay. This year did not start well because of immense rain and snow fall, creating excess run-off, and it is anticipated that there will be increased fish kills.[27] We view with optimism the limited comeback of the shad; with their comeback they bring us hope that the Chesapeake Bay will follow in their wake.

ENDNOTES

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24 *American Shad Population Estimate (Upper Chesapeake Bay).* Chart. (Philadelphia Electric Company, 1992).
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FABRICATED ENVIRONMENTS AND EPIPHANY IN NADINE GORDIMER'S EARLY SHORT FICTION

By Jennifer L. Del Nero

FROM the roots of history, Nadine Gordimer tracks the struggles of life in South Africa. As Christopher Heywood describes:

> Her themes spring from the dilemmas of the South African colonial and industrial past. Whites as well as blacks feel themselves trapped and crushed, torn apart by the tension between the demands of the metropolitan culture and the pressure to survive in a harsh environment.[1]

Characters in Gordimer's short stories are faced with the challenge of reconciling their lives and their futures in a violent, segregated South African world. This reconciliation is reached through epiphany, which for Gordimer is not earth-shattering; rather, it is a subtle truth that has existed all along only the character has been blind to it. These truths are the truths of South African life, arrived at by facing and examining fundamental questions of existence. The reviewer John Edgar Wideman explains:

> A single truth is witnessed [in each of the stories], a truth somehow missing in most fiction by white Americans that purports to examine our national life. No matter how removed one feels oneself from the fray, race and race relations lie at the heart of the intimate, perplexing questions we need to ask ourselves: Where have I been: Where am I going? Who am I?[2]

Epiphanies, answers to these essential questions, emerge as subtle revelations about life in South Africa; there is a larger vision that characters come to acknowledge. At the point of revelation, all

pretenses are shed, and the character is left with an exposed soul that registers pain or sighs in resignation. Exposed to the realities of South African life with its violence and hatred, Gordimer's characters frequently undergo a fear, "a fear of discovery, of mortality, of retaliation, of the prison that life can become."[3] Blacks need not look far to glimpse what life in South Africa can become, and it is a reality Gordimer, an active ANC member, has experienced firsthand. The reality of South Africa is that it is a war zone, where one is never sure whom to trust, where civil war kills thousands, where identity is destroyed with the repossession of papers, where oppression is a way of life. Gordimer's fictional characters, black and white alike, live in constant fear, but being the heroes they are, modeled after the heroes Gordimer has witnessed and admired in South Africa, they continue to persevere and face the discoveries of life.

Through an often unpleasant realization, Gordimer's characters reach a higher level of awareness or self-awareness. Inevitably, her work becomes infused with a moral vision acknowledging the truths — most often the repugnant truths — of life. Michiko Kakutani, in her *New York Times* review, claims that "the enduring subject" of Gordimer's writing has been "the consequences of apartheid on the daily lives of men and women, the distortions it produces in relationships among both blacks and whites."[4] Apartheid is the origin and locus of fear in Gordimer's non-white and white characters and in South Africa's non-white and white citizens; in neither setting is life nor security guaranteed. The only sure things under these oppressive and segregated circumstances are anger, confusion, death, and fear.

In *The Soft Voice of the Serpent*, a collection of Gordimer's earliest short stories, the central theme is tension between real and fabricated places, between natural and unnatural environments. In "Is There Nowhere Else Where We Can Meet?" Gordimer depicts the tension between a young, white woman and a black man as they encounter one another in a setting unnatural to both. The first paragraph is essential in its description of the morning, a "reversal of elements" (17) as Gordimer describes it, a cool, grey morning with air like smoke. From this observation one immediately senses something unnatural, something ominous coming from a disorder of what is natural. Implicitly, both characters are out of their respective elements in this story. The conventions of each world, the black and the

white, are overturned, and the challenge for them both, particularly the woman, becomes the struggle to set those conventions aright. For the woman, the struggle is to find order in a world outside the one which has sheltered her for so long, to rationalize a new set of rules to fit this new world, this "reversal of the elements." White and upper middle-class, the woman, with her fine clothes and shopping bags, represents South Africa's civilized ruling minority; black and poor, the man, with his ripped shirt and bare feet, represents South Africa's uncivilized disempowered majority. But in this story, the woman is no longer in her civilized world, her collar pressing roughly against her flesh, suggesting the abrasive awareness of the "other;" European order, once familiar and reassuring, is no longer. With no knowledge of the veld, she is unbalanced, symbolized by her stumbling on and off the path through the wild land. The imbalance of the colorless sky under which the woman stumbles and through which a dove soars contentedly, parallels the struggle of the woman to create a new order that she can manipulate and assert herself through. The absence of color and the presence of a symbol of peace in the setting portray the ideal vision that all races, all colors can live together. While Gordimer commends this noble vision, she suggests it is unrealistic to believe in its realization. When the young woman first notices the man in the distance, she registers a false sense of balance, her mistake immediately recognized minutes later as she switches her parcels to a stronger arm. This movement, while slight, indicates a larger picture implying a universal intrinsic impulse to protect oneself, to be at one's strongest, intimating that a clash between races is inevitable and imminent. Gordimer suggests that South Africans have essentially adopted an order in which apartheid and fear are inherent and create a tenuous balance.

As she continues to explore the unfamiliar veld, the woman picks up a sheath of pine needles and unconsciously rubs it up and down her thumb, a primal act of self-gratification. Unthinkingly, she drops the sheath and smells her hand, registering its "clean, unhuman" quality (18). Her first thought is that she must wash her hands as soon as she returns. In response to her primal instincts, the woman indulges her senses, exploring and enjoying the sheath and its scent. However, in response to her European education, she decides she must cleanse herself. White civilized rule is founded on the repression of those primal, animalistic desires. The tension between the

two cultures is thick, and Gordimer pits one against the other in this story. The confirmation of the ultimate dominance of primitive impulses over structured convention occurs when the black man confronts the woman. When he stands directly in front of her, "Every vestige of control, of sense, of thought, went out of her as a room plunges into dark at the failure of power and she found herself whimpering like an idiot or a child" (18). In this no-man's land, this colorless sky, the woman's white conventional rules of life are worthless. Fear envelopes her, and her response is primitive; guttural animal sounds escape from her throat. The proper, white woman is transformed into a pure animal, nature in its rawest sense. Basic, fundamental fear fills her. Her attempt to establish reason and rationality in this environment, in the most elemental form of nature, is futile. Gordimer suggests that any attempt for South Africans to structure rationally any world that includes whites and non-whites is pointless, that the clash between the two is inevitable and untameable by its very nature.

Both the woman and the man struggle to balance themselves in this exchange, struggle to maintain their ground and their identity, and their uncoordinated attempts reflect whites and blacks in South Africa, races struggling to establish and maintain some sense of order and identity. For the woman, the presence of the man is overwhelming. It is an unfamiliar and frightening presence that, in her white isolated world, she never had to confront. Never before has there been a need or reason to acknowledge a way of life unlike her own. That is the true source of her fear, fear of the unknown, of an integrated world with so many unlike herself. It is fear of a South Africa with new rules. Her instinct is to run, and she runs toward safety, toward white civilization. This colorless veld is not a place in which she can survive. As she runs, aiming for the fence and the road, markers of a rational realm, her coat, a symbol of her civilized world and an outer layer of protection, gets caught, and she is "imprisoned" (19). She finally makes it to other side, but it is not without a cost; the wire rips her clothing. A permanent sign on her white world publicizes the threat and dangers of an integrated South Africa where former white conventions are no longer applicable nor appropriate. Gordimer intimates that clothes, superficial societal layers of protection, representing the armor of convention and reason, are ultimately ineffective. Protection is a mere illusion; there

are no clothes, no rational order that can shield one from raw nature. Raw nature, natural impulses and reactions must be confronted and acknowledged.

Once on the other side of the fence, the woman follows the road leading her into the protective arms of white civilization and to the house of a neighbor who summons the police. While traveling the road to a realm in which she can assert herself, the woman takes a handkerchief from her pocket and wipes her nose. The handkerchief signals a successful return to rational convention; she can compose her face and resume her ordinary, orderly way of life. On this side of the road, away from the colorless veld, she can block out her experience with the black man, who does not own a handkerchief and does not fit into the structure of the white world. Gordimer intimates that this is a fundamental reality of rigidly structured South African life: whites and blacks cannot coexist. The woman thankfully embraces this truth, reassured by her belief that blacks, that this black man, exist only in an unnatural world void of reason and order from which she must and can keep herself separate. Robert Haugh comments:

> . . . it is a beautifully rendered epiphany moment, culminating in the hurt compassion of the bruised girl, as she limps down the street and out of the story. Not only does that ultimate awareness of the girl save the story from polemics and protest, it invites the reader to a truer, more universally human experience in a racial situation.[5]

The human experience that is universally true in "Is There Nowhere Else Where We Can Meet?" is that both the black and the white walk away; neither is permanently transformed or inspired by the encounter. In fact, the woman, now more than ever, realizes that she cannot break from the constructs of her white world and that it is much easier to seek comfort and solace in what is familiar than attempt to reconcile two fundamentally disparate worlds. She realizes she is unprepared to confront her natural impulses and jeopardize control of her life by upsetting standard white conventions. The potential consequences of investing herself to an integrated society overwhelm and smother the woman.

Confrontation of the other in a relatively neutral environment occurs in "The Catch," a short story depicting an encounter between a young, white married couple and an Indian at a beach where all are vacationing. Removed from chaotic city life, the couple enjoy the "tensionless shore" and the "sense of timelessness" the ocean offers, and they are gradually intrigued by an Indian they see every day on his way to and from fishing; he becomes "something to be waited for" (36). Eventually, the three strike up a friendship. The Indian fascinates the couple who, like young children, follow his every move with wide eyes. This environment resembles the veld in "Is There Nowhere Else Where We Can Meet?" with its colorless sky, where in a perfect world, all races might live together harmoniously. And for a time there does seem to be harmony between races in "The Catch": "The fact that he was an Indian troubled them hardly at all. They almost forgot he was an Indian" (37). But they do not completely forget. In time the Indian becomes a subject, an object to be studied and documented. Camera in hand, the couple attempt to record the Indian as one of their vacation sights, systematically relegating him to a form of entertainment and a possession.

This change in the dynamics of the relationship is cemented when the Indian asks if the couple would like to buy fish from him, a question they take to imply that he has ulterior, material motives. Incensed and insulted, the couple demote the man to "their Indian," (39) a possession devoid of humanity. The Indian's question articulates the previously unspoken social and racial differences between them that now must be acknowledged and confronted. His question snaps the white couple out of the fantasy, generated by their holiday mood, that they can live together. The friendly bliss that existed in the early days of the friendship fades into an urgent need for hierarchy and primacy. By nature, Camille Paglia asserts, humankind is inclined toward hierarchy: "We are hierarchical animals. Sweep one hierarchy away, and another will take its place."[6] In South Africa, in the European world, the white race is the peak of the hierarchy, and it must assert itself; the couple must break free of the illusion that the Indian is their equal. Since the Indian's status is lower than that of the white couple, he must be returned, like a child's toy to a box. In this story the notion of a neutral land in which all peoples are on equal footing, where the rule of the land attends the needs of all citizens, fails, and the Indian becomes an "entertaining creature existing nowhere in [their] life outside that holiday" (39).

The Indian secures his role as entertainer when he catches a giant fish. Although the husband initially goes reluctantly when the Indian calls him to the beach, he cannot contain his excitement when he sees the fish. The Indian is the hero of the beach, and the couple feeds off his accomplishment: the man wants to be there next to the catch as people gather, and the wife demands that her picture be taken with the fish. Yet for the couple and the spectators, the thrill and excitement of "The Catch" are only temporary, and before long, the crowd, including the husband and wife, goes its separate ways. All leave, except the Indian who, "exhausted as he was, ...belonged to the fish" (42). The Indian embraces the fish as his responsibility to nature. For a moment, as he leaves the scene of the catch, the husband wonders how the Indian will transport his prize, but the wife responds, "'Oh, they're strong. They're used to it,'" and shakes "her feet free of the sand as they reached the path" (45). As far as the wife is concerned, they are through with the Indian; it is time to return to reality, to civilization. The wife desires something packaged and easily controlled, something that can be thoughtlessly used and discarded. As entertainer and souvenir, the Indian is an object to serve the couple's needs. After satisfying their needs, he is released from their rule, and the couple leave this fantastic realm and jump back into their carefully structured European world. The shore is a holiday, a displacement of time, space, and rationality from which they must inevitably return, and the real world to which they must return has no room in it for the Indian.

When the couple returns to their hotel, three city friends are there to greet them. The intimacies of the past few days with the fisherman are lost: "the man and his wife suddenly felt certain that they had had a very dead time up till now" (45). What transpired in the depths of that holiday world becomes a faint memory only to be recalled through pictures and souvenirs that have displaced the Indian, stripped him of his humanity, and manipulated him as an object.

The group of friends decides to spend the evening in the city, and while driving along, they encounter the Indian, burdened on the roadside with his prize fish. The wife becomes flustered, insisting there is nothing they can do for him. As her husband gets out of the car and approaches the Indian, she immediately feels the need to justify their acquaintance with him to the rest of the group. Nervously, the wife explains he has a place only in this holiday, in a

world far removed from the one the couple shares with the group: "Don't think we're crazy. This Indian is really quite a personality. We forgot to tell you about the fish..." (46). Rather than being liberal with the fisherman, the couple endures him. Where on the beach he was respected and admired, in the car, confined within the constructs of white social order, he is a nuisance to be politely and magnanimously tolerated. Although the husband is reasonably able to handle the Indian's presence, the wife is not. When she brushes the sand off her feet after the big catch, she brushes off the Indian, the "other," the realm of all that is unknown and unfamiliar. Because the Indian undermines her control over her emotions, and therefore, over her reason, she must distance herself from him. He stimulates her fundamental fear of losing control over her life and consequently having to confront feelings and emotions.

Much to his wife's dismay, the man offers the Indian a ride. The wife, resigned to the fact that she must somehow deal with the physical presence of the Indian, fights to hide the fish, anxiously reminding her husband to place the fish in the trunk. The Indian nears the car and smiles at the wife, whose first words to him are "So your big catch is more trouble than it's worth" (47). With these words the woman makes it clear to the Indian that the couple's friendship with him is more trouble than it is worth, that if she had known he would invade her white world, she would have never invested in any semblance of a friendship from the beginning. The wife cannot handle the "big catch" because it upsets her finely crafted and diligently practiced notions of order, and she attempts to hide it from her conscience, as she similarly tries to hide the Indian. To the Indian the fish is raw nature and its rhythms, and the act of catching it assumes a spiritual dimension. To the woman the fish is irrational, out of her realm of structured knowledge and experience; it is something lower, primitive. Her sheltered white life and her inability to comprehend "otherness" block her from appreciating the man and the fish.

In his spiritual awareness, the Indian is attuned to the dynamics of the group and recognizes that he upsets the balance; he stands "uncertainly" while the husband relates his plight and hesitantly approaches the car when offered a ride. When the Indian moves to open the back door, none of the three friends moves. The group exhibits no willingness to acknowledge any connection to the man.

After a pregnant silence, the wife orders the Indian to the other side, to where he obediently moves. As he crosses, he is exposed by the headlights. For Gordimer this illumination is a metaphor of non-whites in South Africa, exposed to dangers surfacing as a result of white fear of "otherness." There is tension in the merging of radically different cultures that have no sense of one another.

Finally, the Indian seats himself in the car, and as he does so, "the sea-starched folds of his trousers made a slight harsh rubbing noise against the leather of the seat" (48). The Indian's clothing, reflecting race and class status, creates friction when it rubs against the leather fabric of the civilized white world to which the Indian has no access and of which he has no understanding. The two worlds clash, and the presence of the Indian disrupts the sensuous balance of the white world of the car, in terms of sound, smell, and sight. It is a consummate assault on the senses, the raw, fundamental nature of the Indian against the unnatural order of white reason. The disruption is overwhelming, fueling the fear of losing established control and order, and a silence falls over the passengers. Precious emotional balance can only be maintained if the physical presence of the Indian is ignored, which it, of course, is.

After a tense ride, the Indian gets out of the car, and his thanks are drowned by the rev of the engine; even before he is physically out of sight, he is mentally out of mind. For the woman this is a necessary step to affirm her survival. In order to assure her survival, she must categorize the man, treat him as an object she can manipulate and discard as necessary. Only by categorizing him — as an entertainer, as a souvenir — can she accept his presence and existence, and once his identity is established as such in her mind, she can easily remove him from her conscience. As the car drives away, the woman makes it clear that she and the Indian could and will never share the same realm, that the only future meaning he will hold for her is comical, anecdotal. To her companions she says,

> 'The things we get ourselves into!' she said, spreading her skirt on the seat. She shook her head and laughed a high laugh. 'Shame! The poor thing! What on earth can he do with the great smelly fish now?' And as if her words had touched some chord of hysteria in them all, they began to

> laugh, and she laughed with them, laughed till she cried, gasping all the while, 'But what have I said? Why are you laughing at me? What have I said?' (49)

The laughter the group shares is a defense mechanism. Not knowing how to cope with the "other" and fearful of confrontation, the group, led by the most fearful of them all, rages in laughter. As Henri Bergson explains, "Profoundly comic sayings are those artless ones in which some vice reveals itself in all its nakedness."[7] The vice the woman reveals is that none of the group is capable of compassion or tolerance for the Indian. None is strong enough to submit to the authority of nature and its elemental rhythms. Their laughter exposes the fundamental reality that whites are incapable of living in any world outside their own, in any world they do not control. The laughter evolves as an expression of embarrassment of their naive belief that they could truly invest time in a relationship with a non-white, that there was any real chance for such an unequal friendship to survive, much less flourish. The nakedness of the vice is the fundamental inadequacy of whites to confront nature, to accept an authority greater than themselves. The wife laughs because her own weakness, her fear of losing control, is too painful to expose. Translated into the schema of life in South Africa, blacks are burdens. White culture requires forms and rationalized structure against which black culture is the antithesis. Blacks and their way of life are spiritual, and this fundamental disparity overwhelms whites who know only how to deal with categories and objects, not nature or emotions. For whites to initiate and develop friendships with non-whites is to commit to something out of their realm, to invest in a spiritual world beyond their limited sensuous knowledge.

"The Catch" reveals the fear many South Africans have of an integrated world and their discomfort with new environments. At the core of these anxieties is the restructuring of guiding principles such radical changes necessitate. Gordimer suggests that even though an integrated society may be an ideal, there is a fundamental difference between the cultural orders of each. Whites live a structured existence requiring the repression of emotions and defensive attitudes toward nature, whereas blacks live with a natural order that includes and celebrates a dynamic spiritual dimension. Gordimer forces questioning of the consequences to be suffered if intrinsic

impulses are executed and fundamentally disparate cultures are integrated. She suggests two inevitable consequences: white South Africans will be suffocated, and the natural spiritual beauty of black South African culture will be sacrificed. In subsequent short stories Gordimer continues to explore even more dimensions of apartheid and integration, toying with the notion of escape to unnatural and fabricated worlds.

"Is There Nowhere Else Where We Can Meet" and "The Catch," representatives of Gordimer's earlier short stories, focus on the plight of whites whose confrontation with the non-white world produces emotional insight but not modifications in behavior or attitude. Through these works, Gordimer suggests that whites passively recognize the natural, unstructured realm in which blacks function while a barrier blocking the merging of the two worlds remains. Gordimer suggests that whites fear confrontation of the spiritual dimension to their being, that after hundreds of years of repressing emotion, suddenly to acknowledge it would overwhelm them and destroy the delicate balance of South African life they have painstakingly established. The history of South Africa at the time these stories were written supports Gordimer's conclusion. When these stories were created, the social and political realities of South Arrican life were that blacks and whites were subject to extreme segregation, the ANC was banned, and there was complete denial on the part of most whites to acknowledge any legitimacy of blacks and black culture. The fragmentation of the country was glaringly obvious, and there seemed to be no hope that whites and non-whites could ever coexist. Gordimer's early works examine the truth of her culture, the unsensing irrationality of a white culture that, in its attempt to be rational, prohibits people from expressing those dimensions of their nature that distinguish them as human. The future these stories predict is bleak, suggesting that division among the people of South Africa will only continue and that white culture will only tighten its rules that restrict the expression and fulfillment of human spirituality.

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II
FICTION

WALKING TOUR

By Michael Sapp

ONCE back inside Roxbury I began to take note of the various changes that four years had brought: the kitchen was redone in a cat motif, complete with kitten-head wallpaper, lean maverick cat mugs, and a white, almost religious seeming cat tea pot that gave out a sort of high pitched howl when the water boiled. There was a new tile on the bathroom floor which made my eyes go funny while staring at it between my sallow legs. The plump straw-haired mother had taken over a more adversarial position in her arguments with the tall, thin-boned father, a reversal which at the time I considered rather humorous. Across the street, the Cox car wash had been taken over by Amoco, a transaction that was only apparent in the large new marquee posted over South Marlyn. My upstairs room was gone, changed into a den for the father, in the hopes that an old and comfortable couch in a corner of his home would keep him away from an old and comfortable bar stool down on the corner.

My things were stored in boxes in the basement, so this is where I assembled my cot and unrolled my sleeping bag. I stole a pillow from the upstairs couch, plugged in the tv, stereo, and one reading lamp, then placed a Maxwell House coffee can by the bed for use as an ashtray. This was the extent of my interior decoration, a process which took less than ten minutes. Soon footsteps fell on the stairs. Entering and standing erect like a soldier, the father asked me if I needed an extension cord. However, I was well supplied as far as the electronic angle of my Raskolnikovian Flat was concerned, needing only perhaps a hole in the far corner in which to hide stolen rubles. The father, under guise of offering money for food, implied that the mother had shirked her duties in the get-the-groceries department. I told him that he, too, could drive to the store. This news was

delivered in a clipped, impersonal manner, in recognition of the fact that he was the sole cause of my bad nerves and shaking hands, further, that he was an endless tormentor of myself and the mother, we both who had screamed ourselves hoarse and cried ourselves dry, oh et cetera, in vain efforts to stem his drinking. He was too goddam tired for my attitude, he replied.

Stopping at the door in a rather kitsch dramatic pause, he informed me that the mother was going out tonight. I asked where. He shrugged his thin scare-crow shoulders and walked up the steps without a reply.

After the father's exit, television became untenable and immobility psychically painful. I rushed upstairs through the living room toward the front door. The mother, sitting demure on her lovely pink recliner called over to me in whispers and told me that the father was a liar when he's off the bottle, and that he may make up unpleasant stories which I was not to believe. Fine, mother. Yes, mother.

Outside the streets glowed a dusky orange, now twenty minutes before dusk. There was a heavy gasoline smell from a barbecue somewhere in the back lot of one of the houses, wafting apart on slight breeze. Across the street, the Amoco sign blinked three times and then lit up, revolving slowly twenty feet above South Marlyn. Turning South, I walked toward Fox Ridge as the sky deepened in color. I called Trovinger from the phone outside out South Marlyn Liquors. He was surprised all to hell to hear from me, and kindly invited me to his back yard.

Trovinger's mother never let us smoke inside the house, not even in the unfinished basement, so we always sat on the rickety top of his picnic table near the back lot, chewing our Marlboros to red stumps. In the next yard a bug zapper spat harsh blue static every couple of seconds. Things were as expected for Trovinger — he was working at the Jiffy Lube on Eastern again, putting in brakes and doing some transmission work. When he lit up his cigarettes, under the glare of the match I could see the burns and scrapes on his hands and the oil under his nails. The only news was that he had finally 'kicked off' his steady girlfriend of five years and was seeing a new girl, Sarah Osseroff, who he called shortly after my arrival to meet us at his place with a case of malt liquor.

"She's nothing like Bagel," he said, shaking his head. 'Bagel' was a corruption of Mary Beigal's last name, his former girlfriend. "Remember how she flipped when I was just talking to that other chick at Mackel's party? Sarah wouldn't do that."

"I remember you also freaked on occasion," I said.

I had always been fond of Mary Beigal. I have now in my possession only one picture of her, although I used to have three: Mary in Wisconsin leaning against a wooden fence, Mary with Trovinger at Hershey Park, both drenched from the log ride, and Mary in gown and cap after graduation. The Wisconsin picture is the survivor of the three. Consulting it now, I can remember that at times I felt sorry for her. She seemed to be a woman who kept trying to squeeze water from a rock, or, in her case, kept trying to get Trovinger to settle down, stop drinking and throwing things out windows. No dice. Nor could she stem his infrequent but powerful instinct to chase other girls. Trovinger was not 'just talking' to the girl at Mackel's. Her face, at least in the Wisconsin photo, is how I remember it: patient, kind, and pretty in its odd, oval-faced way, but with obvious signs of wear.

"Once," he said. "I only freaked once. And that was her fault, for whoring out to Paul. He doesn't care who he screws. He'd sleep with his own mother but she knows all his lines."

The truth of the story was this: Mary had seen Paul for about three weeks during one of her and Trovinger's lengthier trial separations, in which it was expected for both parties to screw everyone they could, all the while straining their necks to see if their improprieties were having the desired destructive effect on the other. That was expected, but, apparently, Beigal's strategic move on one of our best friends was not. Simply, shortly, Paul accepted her advances. Trovinger learned this one night from Mackel when he, Trovinger, Mary and I were all out tagging the pharmacy with spray paint cans. Trovinger immediately pushed Beigal down into some garbage cans and moved in toward her. She disentangled herself and fled down Eastern, but as she ran Trovinger threw his paint can at her and clipped her on the wrist. I saw then that he was going to run after her, so I tackled him above the waist and we fell into the lot, he scrambling for his feet and I kicking out his legs. After Mary's successful getaway he pushed me back into the pharmacy wall and started swinging blindly with his fists. Usually he's a good fighter, but this night

his eyes were half closed and his swings were far off the mark. Somehow, Mackel talked sense into us and ended the combat. Trovinger's elbow was bleeding and his jeans were ripped into red tatters at the knee. On our way home he told me I shouldn't have tried to stop him, but he was glad. I said I just didn't want to see Bagel suing his ass for assault. He nodded and gave me a smoke, a menthol in those days, and from then until that night in his backyard we had never talked about that scene, or even made reference to it.

It was dark now and we were waiting for his new girlfriend. He tossed one smoke in an arc up over his fence to be snuffed out in a puddle in the alley. He slapped a moist hand across his neck. "Mosquito," he said.

"Do you want to go inside?"

He shook his head and pointed at my half-smoke.

"And another thing," he said, "That whole episode at the pharmacy never would've happened with anyone else *but* Bagel. She was sleeping around with Paul." Then, slower, "And it's not like I wouldn't like to do it all over again, change things."

I agreed, saying that this time I would let him give chase. But, of course, things cannot be relived. My expression was 'You can't unring the bell.' It was from a Dylan lyric which had been corrupted from a very fine Rimbaud paragraph.

"Let's unring it, though," he said. "Or unhook the whole damn bell. I have paint in the truck. Let's redo the whole thing with Sarah as my girlfriend this time. I tell you, she's what I need with me at the pharmacy. I can guarantee this time things won't go wrong."

I stressed that Trovinger was goddam crazy, and that it was impossible to relive the past, no matter how well staged. Also, I told him that the last time was four years ago, and we would never be able to remember all the other places we went, especially in order, which would be of utmost importance if his plan was to relive the entire night. Finally, I argued that it was impossible because we ourselves have changed, a variable that could not be altered.

He lit a smoke, exhaled, then took another long drag. He thought for a moment and then rejoined: Since when had I gone so puss? He agreed things couldn't be redone exactly, but he remembered the streets and had even walked them alone while I was at college. He knew it would be different, but that was the whole point, to try the same recipe with Sarah in place of Bagel, who was a damned whore.

"If nothing else," he said, "It'd be like old times again."

The backyard gate opened and Sarah Osseroff entered, balancing a case of Mickeys on the length of her arm while working the latch with the other. I was surprised. She was nothing like Mary. She was thinner, for one, with dark hair rather than light. Her frame was so small that I could picture her tiny hands being enveloped by one of Trovinger's large scarred ones. In the dark it was difficult to discern any concrete features: upturned nose, altitude of cheekbones, et cetera, but she walked discreetly, even while balancing beer. This beer she thumped on the picnic table.

Introductions. "This is Jamey Thackery," Trovinger said, and I shook her hand after wiping the sweat on my shorts. "He's coming out with us tonight."

"Where are we going?"

"You," said Trovinger, "Have a very important part to play in my past."

"He wants you to change history for him," I said. "He wants to recreate the unrecreatable."

"Thackery talks shit," Trovinger said. "He was at college."

"But what are we doing?" she asked again.

"We're drinking till around eleven," he said, "Then we're taking a walking tour of Roxbury with spray paint cans."

"Tagging?" she asked.

"Retagging," I said.

She nodded at me and asked Thackery, "What about him?"

"We're friends from way back, in high school. We'll get a few beers in him and he'll be ready to go. He's being a puss now, but he'll remember what it's like to be out at night. Either way, you and me will go."

"Let's start drinking," I said. It was only barely after nine, and although I had no interest in Trovinger's plan, I had more enthusiasm for it than for going home, to my small windowless basement in a corner of the father's house.

We finished about half the case before we set out that night, the last twelve stashed in an old high-school knapsack which Sarah carried, she being the least conspicuous. The two cans of spray paint — one blue and one white — were stored in the front-most zipper-pouch of

the same rucksack. There was some contention about what time it was when we reached Highs, the convenience store that was fated to feel the first of our paint. Sarah had dropped her pocket watch drunkenly onto the sidewalk and I had stepped on it, breaking it somehow so that the second hand skipped every third second or so.

Highs is a square brick building with a large plate glass window in the front and a wooden fold-out marquee that advertises cigarettes. Sarah stood facing away from us, scanning South Marlyn for cars, while Trovinger and I prepared the cans. We waited for an all-clear from Sarah, which, when given, sprang us into action. Trovinger's tag, being a jagged, half-cursive form of the word 'error' was done much quicker than my own, which was, stupidly, entirely in caps. A blue pick-up rattled by and someone whooped out at me. Finally done, I threw the can into the bag and we ran across the street into the Martindale development.

"You're just as bad as you were before," Trovinger said.

I told him to shut up and handed him the knapsack. He held it out to Sarah, who refused. He slung it over his shoulder and quickened his pace. The houses in this section resemble two story wooden barns with a ten-foot expanse of grass on all sides. Dogs barked in the back yards and, far off, thunder cracked.

"Rain's coming, maybe," Sarah said.

We followed that road down to Martin Road, where, on Trovinger's suggestion, we hopped a fence and ran through the yard to the back fence. There was a large dog house near the back fence but, luckily, no dog. I scrambled over the fence , landing heavily on one knee. Sarah jumped off the dog house, both feet extended. Trovinger was taking his time, walking at a rambling pace. He finally hopped over the fence as an incandescent back light clicked on, illuminating the yard in stark white. Sarah and I were waiting for him in the small expanse of trees by the ballfield.

"Thackery," he said, advancing on our position, "Why did you run?"

"You're a fool," I told him, and thumped him on the chest with a fist. He dug another beer out of the knapsack and drank, tossing the cap into the underbrush. Then he passed the bottle to me. "Drink up," he said.

"Why didn't you hurry?" Sarah asked.

"The last time we took our time," he said. "I sat down in a lawn chair and Thackery drank four beers in the doghouse."

At the time, I could remember the interior of the doghouse and how the backyard would appear as seen through its oval-topped entrance. Now, all I can recall is remembering that I recalled it, and the rest is just my own creation: the nails sticking through the roof, perhaps, and the hard packed dirt, moist as clay, sticking to my palms. It is true that in a place such as this, I could rest comfortably with four beers.

Trovinger continued talking while we made our way through the park. The beer was finished in one exuberant gulp by Sarah and Trovinger hooked it over his head into the trees as our boots clicked on the first few feet of cement at the far side. I suggested that, since our next target was a bar, we stop in for shots since the night was so hot. This was over-ruled by Trovinger, on the grounds of historical accuracy:

"The last time we tagged it and moved on. We can't hang out everywhere we hit. We have a schedule to follow."

"The totalitarian itinerary," I said.

"I told you he talks shit," he said to Sarah. She laughed and squeezed my arm below the elbow very softly.

The Goodtimes Bar is a flat, brown building that seems like a huge shed from the outside. It was a busy night so the lot was full all the way around to the back field. From our position behind the dumpster at the rear of the bar we could make out the bass lines to country music, thumping like the war-drum in old movies about African tribesmen. Trovinger wanted both cans of paint so he could highlight some of the white in blue, darkening the edges to resemble shadow. My tag, a pitiful 'LISTEN', was done in ten seconds and I handed over the can. I sat next to Sarah on some loading steps.

"Let me try one when you're finished," she said.

Trovinger was dead-set against it. The last time Bagel only held the cans and beer.

"Because I'm the woman?" she asked. Trovinger told her to be quiet and kept painting, moving his arms in long, sure sweeps across the bricks. There was a harsh acidic smell, metallic and reminiscent of blood, wafting from the dumpsters.

"Tell what all happened last time," Sarah said. "You've got me in a position where I'm supposed to know what to do but you won't tell me."

"You don't need to know," Trovinger said.

"Tell her," I said, "What the hell. The last time he and I got into a fight. A fists and bricks sort of-"

"What were you fighting about?"

Trovinger : "Because the girl kept wanting to paint." Finished now, he stashed the cans in the rucksack, removed a beer, and started off toward the field.

"He gets like this sometimes," Sarah said.

"I know, I remember," I said. Trovinger was now cutting through waist-high brush. "Hold up," I called.

"Behind schedule," he called. "Hurry up, rain's coming."

Sarah tugged at my arm and I looked at her. She rolled her eyes back in her head in exaggerated exasperation. I got us two beers, zipped and shouldered the sack myself. She twisted the caps while I held the bottles. I handed Sarah Osseroff one and one I kept to myself. We started after Trovinger, jogging through the weeds. Passing under the parking lot light, her face looked somewhat downy, with patches of dust-like hair on her cheekbones.

When we reached Middlesex shopping center, Sarah shook her broken watch twice and then declared that it was eleven thirty-three and she was tired of walking. Trovinger told her that we would stop soon, behind Edna's, and there she could rest. Edna's is easily the largest building in the center. It is a thrift store owned by a fat woman named Edna who, it was rumored, takes half of the donations home directly from the trucks.

We stopped in front of the store so Trovinger could spray a quick tag on a mailbox by the entrance, and then we cut through the alley to the back of the store. Behind Ednas there was a large pile of taped boxes holding shirts, coats, et cetera, next to a busted up lounge chair. Sarah settled in this while we rattled our cans. Our old tags were still on the bricks, something that cheered Trovinger. He painted over his old tag almost exactly, while I tried my hand at shadowing. Halfway through this, Sarah left for some bushes.

"Don't paint it there," Trovinger instructed, "Picture it as if light was coming from below and off to the right." I was picturing the light as coming from directly below, but I changed tactics to suit his suggestion.

He craned his neck, watching Sarah disappear behind some dumpsters. "What do you think of her?" he said.

"What does it matter what I think?"

"Well, you have to admit she's nothing like Bagel."

"Nothing at all," I said. "Do I do this whole side or just the top?"

"The top. Listen, though, in some ways she is like Bagel. She flirts like Bagel did. Just the flirting, I mean, not the whole shebang. Sarah may flirt the same way, but she doesn't mean it the same way Bagel did. If Paul was here, he'd think she was coming on to him, but she *would not be.* I mean, Bagel may have asked for it, but I'm not going to forgive him for it."

"You weren't all that close to Paul even before."

"No, he wasn't like you and me," he said.

Sarah reappeared on the scene. She sat in the chair and examined her watch again, squinting in the dark. It was impossible to make out the movement of the hands, she explained, and asked for my lighter. Instead, Trovinger gave her his and she scrutinized the hands under the flame.

"Broke," she said, and dropped it in one of the boxes. Then she finished her beer and also dropped the bottle among the donated shirts, ties, skirts, coats, undergarments.

❖ ❖ ❖

Under the Rossville Boulevard Bridge Trovinger had decided to paint a large piece with both colors which would take him almost twenty minutes. As we approached, the air chilled and rain began to fall, at first slowly, and finally with a violent, drenching intent. We scrambled over the guard rail and down the embankment, following the path to the underside of the bridge. We ducked our heads and entered the narrow space under the bridge. The cement floor was on an angle, falling off gradually to a double embankment that surrounded train tracks. Trovinger snatched the knapsack from me and hurried down the incline toward the tracks. He crossed all four, only slipping once, and began painting on the far side against the embankment.

"Beer?" I yelled.

"Got them," he yelled.

Sarah and I sat down shivering, three feet apart. To either side, rain sprayed in on gusts, shivered, and gusted again. A cold mist was in the air.

"What are we doing," she asked.

"Remaking his past. Literature is ripe with it."

"But in real life you'd have to be crazy," she said.

The conversation between Sarah and me about the lunacy involved in Trovinger's rescripting-plot is almost forgotten now, but between foggy memory and imagination I can approximate it at least. She loved him but she was unsure of what was happening and was tired. I had been against it from the start, but now that I was there I had decided to make the best of an unpleasant situation. She must have looked small and cold. She may have been hugging her legs and resting her chin on her knees. I was drunk, though, so what I remember is that I was almost out of beer and that in his run across the tracks, Trovinger had stolen our entire supply.

I looked at him. Far away, he was sketching the rough outline of the second "r" with the white. The "r" was nearly as big as he was. For some reason, I thought this was very humorous, Trovinger standing beside a huge letter.

"What college did you go to?"

In my mind, I decided that I was a master of courtly conversation, in the vein of Wilde and Shaw. "The collage of life," I muttered, "In which many bits of this and that are pasted together on the same scrap of tagboard to form a cohesive whole."

"I said 'college,'" she said.

"Watermount. It's small."

"So what will you do?"

"You perceive in me, madam, a man of rare talent in flipping burgers. Or a man of talent flipping rare burgers. That, and I'll write things for my desk drawer."

She didn't understand the part about the desk-drawer so I rephrased it: "My audience being storage boxes and dusty files, it is to these I write. I mean, I'll just end up collecting stories and putting them in a drawer."

"What do you write about?"

"Things," I said, "People."

"What things? Like this? Will you write a story under a bridge?"

"Maybe. But it won't be raining. It would be a charming story of a girl like you and a guy like me enjoying each and the other's company."

Trovinger was finished the outline and had begun spraying blasts of white into the hollow bottoms of the letters. I had to shut one eye to see him clearly.

Sarah was still interested in stories. She asked me what sort of stories I wrote.

"No sort," I said. "I avoid sorts. I wish he hadn't stolen our beer."

Sarah offered her bottle and told me to wait where I was. She slid down the incline on her backside and ran across the tracks. I watched her converse with Trovinger for a moment, then stoop to retrieve two beers. Holding them, she addressed him again, and he spoke to her in what I took to be a soft, tender voice, because he leaned his head very close to her ear. Then I saw the beer in my hand and finished it in one painful gulp. Sarah was crossing at the tracks again, this time checking both directions before each step. This amused me for a second, and then the amusement evolved into a loneliness. Sometimes walking the streets I see a handsome couple walking with fingers linked and the sight saddens me.

She returned and pushed a beer against my palm. She sat and I asked her what she and Trovinger had been talking about.

"I asked him if I could get some beer."

"After that."

"I don't remember."

"Do you two get along well?"

"Sure, you know."

"I felt sorry for his last girlfriend," I said. He snapped at her like he does you. He ended up breaking her wrist."

Sarah didn't know that. "He does have his faults," she said, "But I've been able to overlook them."

"Then the question is how *long* you can overlook them. At some point, it will all break down."

"Any relationship does that," she said.

"Yes," I said.

Trovinger was now working with a blue can. The blue parts were the closest to the top of the embankment. At times he reached out on tip-toes. I stared at the blurry image, waving his arms slowly, at a dream's pace now.

"One thing," said Sarah. "I sometimes wish he didn't act like he hated me around his friends. He doesn't hardly even talk to me, and he sure as hell won't hold my hand or anything in front of you."

"He's very guarded with his thoughts," I said. "You shouldn't take anything Trovinger does personally, because he's never been absolutely sure that there are other people. I think he expects we exist but he's not positive. Until he has proof, he's not going to think of things like holding your hand."

Sarah and I were now holding hands. Trovinger was shaking a can of white. I could feel her thumb begin to make circular motions against my own. I continued, "It's not that he doesn't have strong feelings, it's more of a case of his not being able to express things."

"That's not your problem is it?"

"No, mine is that I go too far with it. I extend my metaphors to the breaking point. Of all of us in this triangle, you are the one who is closest to being normal, with the best chances."

She shook her head at my use of the word 'triangle', and then, with a glance at the still painting Trovinger sixty feet away, she leaned from her waist and we kissed quietly.

"Don't," I said, but it was murmured and she didn't hear. We kissed again. Her lips were warm and there was sweat on her forehead.

"Not now" she said, "Tomorrow."

I got up and stumbled down the incline toward the tracks. My hands were shaking so I stuck them deep into my pockets. I scrambled down the embankment and across the tracks. Reaching Trovinger, I took his can of white and sprayed my tag.

"Almost done," he said.

"The rain's over," I said.

"Just a squall," he said. "Good. We'll leave for the pharmacy. Tell Sarah to get ready."

"You tell her. She's your girlfriend."

He shouldered the knapsack. "I know," he said. He called to her and she scrambled to a standing position, hands in pockets, waiting for him. I watched Trovinger crossing the tracks and stumbling up the embankment toward her. Sarah called to me as I began the climb. "Hurry. Watch your step."

In the pharmacy parking lot Trovinger and I scribbled erratic tags and then retreated to some underbrush to sit on a curb and finish the beers. He lit a smoke and draped his arm around me. He told Sarah

not to feel alarmed at our close friendship and the occasional flashes of affection.

"But do you see now?" he asked me. "Do you see how the right woman makes all the difference?"

"Yes," I said, "She certainly is the right one."

Sarah sat on Trovinger's side, head down. He glanced at her and asked her if she was tired. A little, she said.

"Okay then," Trovinger said, "We should get along."

"Do you feel like this was a success?" I asked him. "Did this make up for Beigal?"

"Sure," he said.

"No, it's just a corruption played on top of a pure experience. You can't build a house on sand. The other version still happened."

He pulled his left arm off my shoulder and said, "I know that, but—"

"Your attempt at rescripting history is a failed attempt from the beginning, not because Beigal was a whore, but because you yourself never changed."

"Let's go," said Sarah. "We're all tired."

"I don't have to change," said Trovinger. "I wasn't the one that slept with Paul."

"But you scripted it yourself, you—"

"Let's go," said Sarah. She was standing, pulling on Trovinger's right hand.

"What the hell does scripted mean? Are you saying—"

And Sarah Osseroff, small plain Sarah: "I'm leaving."

And Trovinger: "Wait a second."

And I: "You scripted it all, all blame goes right back to its source."

And Trovinger: "Blame?"

And Sarah, to Trovinger: "There's no blame, everyone is at fault. Come on." She led Trovinger away and I sat on the curb as they receded, laughing bitterly at her summation, that everyone is at fault and there is no blame, she that kisses with a fragrant open mouth.

Finally I stumbled home around four to find the door unlocked. I placed the last beer by the phone on the coffee table before I noticed the father not three feet away from me in a kitchen chair backed up against the wall of the foyer. He was sitting in the shadows, his

fingers loose around a glass tumbler. Beside him was an ashtray in the shape of a tomcat's head, filled to the ears with butts.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Around four," I said. He may have nodded but it was too dark to be certain. "Were you waiting up?"

"Go upstairs to your own room," he said. "Take your beer. I'll see you tomorrow."

Not fully understanding, I took my beer and started upstairs. Passing him on the way to the steps, I noticed by the smell that he was drinking vodka again, most likely straight.

Since then he has been drinking with increased fury. Yesterday he fell down the back steps in a stupor. The mother left a message with my roommate to the effect that she is a poor woman much put upon by circumstance and I should talk to him again about a program.

That night I washed my hands and face in the bathroom and poured out the remaining beer into the toilet. In the bathroom mirror my face seemed to shimmer a bit, but this I attributed to drunkenness and my eyes being unaccustomed to light. In my old room I cleared the father's uneven couch and got blankets from the closet. By the time I was under the sheets I began to feel sick.

A car pulled up outside. I lay in the heat and listened as the car door opened and slammed shut. Then I heard the mother's voice, far off, through the screens and dust. She said she had had a wonderful time and thanked someone. No, she said, she would not be in trouble, and she'd call tomorrow. I leaned my head up on the window sill. The sun was beginning to rise, ripening the edges of the rooftops with orange and the shadows were long and dark. The mother was standing by the driver's side of a grey Pontiac. She laughed once in the old, free way and kissed the driver. I stared at the ceiling as the car moved off and the mother walked up the drive, heels clicking on the sidewalk. The door opened against the carpet and then swung back to lock. I stared and waited for something to happen, but nothing did; there was only extended silence and then I heard the pair of footsteps climb the steps to the bedroom, to the double bed.

III
POETRY

MAN WHO LEFT

By Tanya Angell Allen

He thought he saw a sliver of sun
through a crack in the closed brown door.
He put his eye to the crack, looking for more,
but all he saw was the dark-filled bottom

of the shadowed, dry, dust-covered canyon
where he'd chosen to live, close to the core
of the rocky blue earth . . . Far from the sun,
crouching, pale, behind his wooden door,

he began to whine. There's only one
thing, he thought, that I *do* wish for,
and it *isn't* my children, my wife, or even the roar
of best-loved friends (he thought). The one
thing I miss is a touch from the sun . . .

THIS GOD WINTER

By Thane Glenn

This God Winter
This bitter God
To demand the world
In broken stalks and pale sun
This grieving man
Laden in silent pain
Arrayed in still fields
The whispery seed and brittle nest
And stooping to adorn his daughter
In garlands of dandelions and glories of larks
This God Winter
Dying softly in crystaline patches of white
Everywhere across the tawny grasses

GARDEN SONG

By J. Tarin Towers

We lift each other up to better
catch the rain on our brows. We
swish-swish like stiff brushes on
snare drums,

we patter-pat like
the other end of that brush on drum,
we lift each note forward as if it were
us who made music, and not the other
way round.

We soak up our skin as
if it were rain tickling on our brow, we
move together as if we were two
people — we are wet.

We turn over our
selves and build a pool in which we sink.
We abandon our bed in favor of our inner

space. warmth. languor. softness. depth.
We cannot touch what is not ours and lover,
all the world is ours now like a butterfly

owns the garden. Like a butterfly owns us.
Our own moist brows betray us:
We are the garden; our rain snares us.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

It has been over twenty years now since the students of Washington College first began publishing the *Washington College Review*. Back in 1970, Marty Williams '75 was the first editor. In those days the "Review" or the "WCR"— as it was called — came out once a month or so and was printed on long narrow xeroxed colored sheets in what must have been seven point type it was so tiny. I remember Nick Newlin, the Chairman of the Department of English, saying to Marty, "I think I like your literary magazine, but I can't be sure because I can't read it." It was vintage Nick Newlin. It was vintage Marty Williams that he wouldn't change the type.

Later, under different student editors — and with more generous assistance from the Sophie Kerr Committee (and because of the increased amount of publishable student writing) — the *WCR* turned to the tabloid format, becoming something of a cross between *The Village Voice* and the *American Poetry Review*, both of which were always around Richmond House (the Literary House of the 70's) in those days. I learned that good student publishers — like good student writers — know how to imitate. And I seem to remember the magazine came out twice a year, with issues having a "focus": women in literature; Gothic writing. I do recall how well written most it all was and what fine poetry and fiction and critical articles you could find in those *WCR*s—a section of a novel by Craig Butcher; a long narrative haiku poem by Tina Bauer that still glows in my mind after all these years; poetry by Chappy Bowie and Kathy Wagner; stories by Bob King and Danny Williams—just to name a few fine authors who first appeared in the *WCR*'s pages.

Times change. And the *WCR* has changed. First, as I have mentioned, in the mid-seventies to accommodate the growing amount of fine creative writing accomplished by Washington College stu-

dents, and now in 1993 to accommodate the growing amount of fine student writing of all kinds that exists throughout our college. With this issue, the *Washington College Review* matures into a genuine "liberal arts" journal, publishing student work from all the disciplines of the college. The magazine will be issued once a year around the first of October.

One final note: This edition of the *Washington College Review* was printed on letter press by Mike Kaylor and Washington College students in the Press Room of the O'Neill Literary House.

ROBERT DAY
DIRECTOR, O'NEILL LITERARY HOUSE

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